

THE  
FIFTY-FIFTH VOLUME  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS;  
CONTAINING  
THE REMAINDER OF THOMSON,  
AND  
PART OF WATTS.



ANCIENT AND MODERN  
I T A L Y  
COMPARED:  
BEING THE FIRST PART OF  
LIBERTY,  
A  
POEM.

## The CONTENTS of PART I.

The following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical vision. Its scene the ruins of ancient Rome. The Goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears, characterized as British Liberty ; to ver. 44. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory ; to ver. 112. This contrasted by modern Italy ; its vallies, mountains, culture, cities, people : the difference appearing strongest in the capital city Rome ; to ver. 234. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression ; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture ; to ver. 256. The old Romans apostrophized, with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy : Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tusculum, and Naples ; to ver. 287. That once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the coast of Baiæ, how changed ; to ver. 321. This desolation of Italy applied to Britain ; to ver. 344. Address to the Goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce from the first ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitute the subject of the following parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain ; whose happiness, arising from freedom, and a limited monarchy, she marks ; to ver. 391. An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words. Invocation.



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which Your Royal Highness received the following poem under your protection; I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation, and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of Liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them, to the distinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author; and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince, and of the patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of kings and people: to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty, from the first ages down to her excellent establishment in Great-Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to Your Royal Highness ; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it ; I have my best reward : particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

S I R,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient

and most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMPSON.

LIBERTY.

## L I B E R T Y.

## P A R T I.

O My lamented Talbot ! while with thee  
 The Muse gay rov'd the glad Hesperian round,  
 And drew th' inspiring breath of ancient arts ;  
 Ah ! little thought she her returning verse  
 Should sing our darling subject to thy shade. 5  
 And does the mystic veil, from mortal beam,  
 Involve those eyes where every virtue smil'd,  
 And all thy Father's candid spirit shone ?  
 The light of reason, pure, without a cloud ;  
 Full of the generous heart, the mild regard ; 10  
 Honour disdaining blemish, cordial faith,  
 And limpid truth, that looks the very soul.  
 But to the death of mighty nations turn,  
 My strain ; be there absorpt the private tear.

Musing, I lay ; warm from the sacred walks, 15  
 Where at each step imagination burns :  
 While scatter'd wide around, awful, and hoar,  
 Lies, a vast monument, once-glorious Rome,  
 The tomb of empire ! ruins ! that efface  
 Whate'er, of finish'd, modern pomp can boast. 20

Snatch'd by these wonders to that world where thought  
 Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand

Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,  
 Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn drest.  
 When strait, methought, the fair majestic Power 25  
 Of Liberty appear'd. Not, as of old,  
 Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,  
 Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life :  
 But her bright temples bound with British oak,  
 And naval honours nodded on her brow. 30  
 Sublime of port : loose o'er her shoulder flow'd  
 Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.  
 An island-goddeſs now ; and her high care  
 The queen of iſles, the miſtreſs of the main.  
 My heart beat filial tranſport at the ſight ; 35  
 And, as ſhe mov'd to ſpeak, th' awakened Muſe  
 Liſten'd intenſe. A while ſhe look'd around,  
 With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,  
 And then, her ſighs reſpreſſing, thus began.

Mine are theſe wonders, all thou ſee'ſt is mine ; 40  
 But, ah, how chang'd ; the falling poor remains  
 Of what exalted once th' Auſonian ſhore.  
 Look back through time ; and, riſing from the gloom,  
 Mark the dread ſcene, that paints whate'er I ſay.

The great republic ſee ! that glow'd, ſublime, 45  
 With the mixt freedom of a thouſand ſtates ;  
 Raiſ'd on the thrones of kings her Curule Chair,  
 And by her Faſces aw'd the ſubject world,  
 See buſy millions quickening all the land,  
 With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high : 50  
 For Nature then ſmil'd on her free-born ſons,  
 And poar'd the plenty that belongs to Men.

Behold,

Behold, the country chearing, villas rise,  
 In lively prospect ; by the secret lapse  
 Of brooks now lost and streams renown'd in song : 55  
 In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow  
 Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale :  
 On Baiæ's viny coast ; where peaceful seas,  
 Fan'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore ;  
 And suns unclouded shine, through purest air : 60  
 Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome ;  
 Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,  
 To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade ;  
 To where Preneste lifts her airy brow ;  
 Or downward spreading to the sunny shore, 65  
 Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.

See distant mountains leave their vallies dry,  
 And o'er the proud arcade their tribute pour,  
 To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,  
 Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way, 70  
 With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads :  
 By various nations trod, and suppliant kings ;  
 With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

Full in the centre of these wondrous works,  
 The pride of earth ! Rome in her glory see ! 75  
 Behold her demi-gods, in senate met ;  
 All head to counsel, and all heart to act :  
 The common-weal inspiring every tongue  
 With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold ;  
 Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd 80  
 To rank obedient to a master's voice.

Her Forum see, warm, popular, and loud,

In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two Sires,  
 As they the private father greatly quell'd,  
 Stood up the public fathers of the state. 85  
 See Justice judging there, in human shape.  
 Hark ! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,  
 Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

Her tribes, her census, fee ; her generous troops,  
 Whose pay was glory, and their best reward. 90  
 Free for their country and for Me to die ;  
 Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,  
 The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

Her festive games, the school of heroes, fee ; 95  
 Her Circus, ardent with contending youth ;  
 Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,  
 Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldest-born,  
 And of a people cast in virtue's mould.  
 While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills 100  
 Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome :  
 All that to Roman strength the softer touch  
 Of Grecian art can join. But language fails  
 To paint this sun, this centre of mankind ;  
 Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art, 105  
 Attracted strong, in heighten'd lustre met.

Need I the contrast mark ? unjoyous view !  
 A land in all, in government, in arts,  
 In virtue, genius, earth and heaven, revers'd,  
 Who but, these far-fam'd ruins to behold, 110  
 Proofs of a people, whose heroic aims  
 Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere

Of doubting modern life; who but, inflam'd  
With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes  
Of men and deeds to trace; unhappy land, 115  
Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway?

Are these the vales, that, once, exulting states  
In their warm bosom fed? the mountains these,  
On whose high-blooming sides my sons, of old,  
I bred to glory? the dejected towns, 120  
Where, mean, and fordid, life can scarce subsist,  
The scenes of ancient opulence, and pomp?

Come! by whatever sacred name disguis'd,  
Oppression, come! and in thy works rejoice!  
See nature's richest plains to putrid fens 125  
Turn'd by thy fury. From their chearful bounds,  
See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and seat.  
First, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand  
Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plough;  
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe. 130

'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,  
Who loves at large along the grassy downs  
His flocks to pasture, thy drear champain flies.  
Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,  
'Tis all one desert, desolate, and grey, 135

Graz'd by the sullen buffalo alone;  
And where the rank uncultivated growth  
Of rotting ages taunts the passing gale.  
Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,  
Or sinks unfeebled, or infected burns. 140  
Beneath it mourns the solitary road,  
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste;

While

While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are seen no more.

Such thy dire plains, thou *self-destroyer* ! foe  
To human kind ! Thy mountains too, profuse, 145  
Where savage nature blooms, seem their sad plaint  
To raise against thy desolating rod.

There on the breezy brow, where thriving states,  
And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd sun,  
Far other scenes of rising culture spread, 150  
Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,  
Each harvest pines ; the livid, lean produce  
Of heartless labour : while thy hated joys,  
Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand,  
Better to sink in sloth the woes of life, 155  
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.

Hence drooping Art almost to Nature leaves  
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts  
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush  
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray. 160  
To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth  
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.  
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine ;  
Nor juice Cœcubian, nor Falernian, more,  
Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl. 165  
Unseconded by art, the spinning race  
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil,  
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows ;  
And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.  
Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines. 170  
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,  
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.

Nor



Nor half thy triumph this : cast, from brute fields,  
Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.  
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn ;      175  
The grace and virtue of exterior life,  
No clean Convenience reigns ; ev'n Sleep itself,  
Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there,  
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.  
Thy horrid walk ! dead, empty, unadorn'd,      180  
See streets whose echoes never know the voice  
Of chearful hurry, commerce many-tongu'd,  
And art mechanic at his various task,  
Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race,  
Of occupation void, as void of hope ;      185  
Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from Eternal Good,  
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,  
With views of fortune—madness all to them !  
By thee relentless seiz'd their betters joys,  
To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly,      190  
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,  
And love and music melt their souls away.  
From feeble Justice see how rash Revenge,  
Trembling, the balance snatches ; and the sword,  
Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives.      195  
See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,  
With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.

But chief let Rome, the mighty city ! speak  
The full-exerted genius of thy reign.  
Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste,      200  
Expiring nature all corrupted round ;  
While the lone Tyber, through the desert plain,

Winds

Winds his waste stores, and fullen sweeps along.  
 Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,  
 Mark how the temple glares; and, artful drest, 205  
 Amusive, draws the superstitious train.  
 Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,  
 Concealing often, in magnific jail,  
 Proud want; a deep unanimated gloom!  
 And oft adjoining to the drear abode 210  
 Of misery, whose melancholy walls  
 Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.  
 Within the city bounds, the desert see.  
 See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,  
 Indecent, spread; beneath whose fretted gold 215  
 It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,  
 Matchless, while fir'd by me; to public good  
 Inexcrably firm, just, generous, brave,  
 Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,  
 Elate with glory, an heroic soul 220  
 Known to the vulgar breast: behold them now  
 A thin despairing number, all-subdued,  
 The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,  
 By vice unmann'd and a licentious rule,  
 In guile ingenious, and in murder brave. 225  
 Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,  
 Thy sons, Oppression, are; and such were Mine.  
 Ev'n with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain show  
 Deluded thousands starve; all age-begrim'd,  
 Torn, robb'd and scatter'd in unnumber'd facks, 230  
 And by the tempest of two thousand years  
 Continual shaken, let my ruins vie.

These roads that yet the Roman hand assert,  
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil ;  
These fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream 235  
No more delighted hear ; these rich remains  
Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbib'd  
Each parent ray ; these massy columns, hew'd  
From Afric's farthest shore : one granite all,  
These obelisks high-towering to the sky. 240  
Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore ;  
These endless wonders that this *sacred way*  
Illumine still, and consecrate to fame ;  
These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd  
With the fine stores of art-compleating Greece. 245  
*Mine* is, besides, *thy* every later boast :  
*Thy* Buonarotis, *thy* Palladios *mine* ;  
And *mine* the fair designs, which Raphael's soul  
O'er the live canvass, emanating, breath'd.  
What would you say, ye conquerors of earth ! 250  
Ye Romans ! could you raise the laurel'd head ;  
Could you the country see, by seas of blood,  
And the dread toil of ages, won so dear ;  
Your pride, your triumph, and supreme delight !  
For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour, 255  
You rush'd with rapture down the gulf of fate,  
Of death ambitious ! till by awful deeds,  
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,  
The queen of nations rose ; possess'd of all  
Which nature, art, and glory could bestow : 260  
What would you say, deep in the last abyss  
Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,

Thus

Thus to behold her sunk ? Your crowded plains,  
 Void of their cities ; unadorn'd your hills ; 264  
 Ungrac'd your lakes ; your ports to ships unknown ;  
 Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams :  
 These could you know ? these could you love again ?  
 Thy Tibur, Horace, could it now inspire,  
 Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,  
 Soon bursting into song ; while through the groves 270  
 Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,  
 In many a tortur'd stream, you mus'd along ?  
 Yon wild retreat, where superstition dreams,  
 Could, Tully, you your Tusculum believe ?  
 And could you deem yon naked hills, that form, 275  
 Fam'd in old song, the ship-forfaken bay,  
 Your Formian shore ? Once the delight of earth,  
 Where art and nature, ever-smiling, join'd  
 On the gay land to lavish all their stores.  
 How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil, wide around, 280  
 Would now your Naples seem ? Disaster'd less  
 By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast,  
 His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,  
 Than by despotic rage : *that* inward gnaws,  
 A native foe : a *foreign*, tears without. 285  
 First from your flatter'd Cæsars this began :  
 Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,  
 Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the syren plain,  
 That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd ;  
 And wrapt in weeds the shore of Venus lies. 290  
 There Baïæ sees no more the joyous throng ;  
 Her bank all beaming with the pride of Rome :

No generous vines now bask along the hills,  
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main :  
With baths and temples mix'd, no villas rise ;      295  
Nor, art sustain'd amid reluctant waves,  
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep :  
No spreading ports their sacred arms extend :  
No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,  
From the calm station, roll resounding back.      300

An almost total desolation fits,  
A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast ;  
Where, when soft suns and tepid winters rose,  
Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace ;  
Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze ;      305  
And where with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold  
A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,  
Ev'n nature yields ; by fire and earthquake rent :  
Whose stately cities in the dark abrupt  
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid,      310  
A nest for serpents ; from the red abyfs  
New hills, explosive, thrown ; the Lucrine lake  
A reedy pool ; and all to Cuma's point,  
The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,  
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome.      315

Hence, Britain, learn ; my best-established, last,  
And more than Greece, or Rome, my steady reign ;  
The land where, king and people equal bound  
By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow ;  
And where my jealous unsubmitting soul,      320  
The dread of tyrants ! burns in every breast :  
Learn hence, if such the miserable fate

Of an heroic race, the masters once  
 Of human-kind ; what, when depriv'd of Me,  
 How grievous must be thine ? In spite of climes, 325  
 Whose sun-enliven'd æther wakes the soul  
 To higher powers ; in spite of happy soils,  
 That, but by labour's slightest aid impell'd,  
 With treasures seem to thy cold clime unknown ;  
 If there desponding fail the common arts, 330  
 And sustenance of life : could life itself,  
 Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,  
 Subsist with thee ? Against depressing skies,  
 Join'd to full-spread Oppression's cloudy brow,  
 How could thy spirits hold ? where vigour find, 335  
 Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative soil ?  
 Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,  
 To plough the dreadful all-producing wave ?

Here paus'd the Goddess. By the pause assur'd,  
 In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer. 340  
 " Oh, first, and most benevolent of powers !  
 " Come from eternal splendors, here on earth,  
 " Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,  
 " To shield mankind ; to raise them to assert  
 " The native rights and honour of their race : 345  
 " Teach me thy lowest subject, but in zeal  
 " Yielding to none, the Progress of thy Reign,  
 " And with a strain from Thee enrich the Muse.  
 " As Thee alone she serves, her patron, Thou,  
 " And great inspirer be ! then will she joy, 350  
 " Through narrow life her lot, and private shade :  
 " And when her venal voice she barter's vile,

" Or

“ Or to thy open or thy secret foes :  
“ May ne’er those sacred raptures touch her more,  
“ By slavish hearts unfelt ! and may her song 355  
“ Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew !  
“ Vermin of state ! to thy o’erflowing light  
“ That owe their being, yet betray thy cause.”

Then, condescending kind, the Heavenly Power  
Return’d,—“ What here, suggested by the scene, 360  
“ I slight unfold, record and sing at home,  
“ In that best isle, where (so we spirits move)  
“ With one quick effort of my will I am.  
“ There Truth, unlicens’d, walks ; and dares accost  
“ Ev’n kings themselves, the monarchs of the free !  
“ Fix’d on my rock, there, an indulgent race 266  
“ O’er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice :  
“ And there, to finish what his fires began,  
“ A Prince behold ! for Me who burns sincere,  
“ Ev’n with a subject’s zeal. Hè my great work 370  
“ Will parent like sustain ; and added give  
“ The touch, the Graces and the Muses owe.  
“ For Britain’s glory swells his panting breast ;  
“ And ancient arts he emulous revolves :  
“ His pride to let the smiling heart abroad ; 375  
“ Through clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man ;  
“ To please his pleasure ; bounty his delight ;  
“ And all the soul of Titus dwells in him.”

Hail, glorious theme ! but how, alas ! shall verse,  
From the crude stores of mortal language drawn, 380  
How faint and tedious, sing, what, piercing deep,  
The Goddess flash’d at once upon my soul.

For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods,  
 Is harmony itself; to every ear  
 Familiar known, like light to every eye. 385  
 Meantime disclosing ages, as she spoke,  
 In long succession pour'd their empires forth;  
 Scene after scene, the human drama spread;  
 And still th' embodied picture rose to fight.

Oh Thou, to whom the Muses owe their flame; 390  
 Who bid'st, beneath the pole, Parnassus rise,  
 And Hippocrenè flow; with thy bold ease,  
 The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,  
 And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound, and clear;  
 Oh, gracious Goddess! re-inspire my song; 395  
 While I, to nobler than poetic fame  
 Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear.



## NOTES on the preceding POEM.

Ver. 83. L. J. Brutus, and Virginius.

Ver. 242. Via Sacra.

Ver. 247. M. Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Raphael d'Urbino; the three great modern masters in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

Ver. 273. Tusculum is reckoned to have stood at a place now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks.

Ver. 276. The bay of Mola (anciently Formiæ) into which Homer brings Ulysses, and his companions. Near Formiæ Cicero had a villa.

Ver. 284. Naples then under the Austrian government.

Ver. 288. Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.

Ver. 290. The coast of Baiæ, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines; and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.

Ver. 303. All along this coast the ancient Romans had their winter retreats; and several populous cities stood.



G R E E C E:

BEING THE SECOND PART OF

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

## The CONTENTS of PART II.

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## L I B E R T Y.

## P A R T II.

**T**HUS spoke the Goddess of the fearless eye;  
 And at her voice, renew'd, the Vision rose.  
 First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,  
 In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd;  
 While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,     5  
 In search of clearer spring, and fresher field.  
 These, as increasing families disclos'd  
 The tender state, I taught an equal sway.  
 Few were offences, properties, and laws.  
 Beneath the rural portal, palm o'erspread,     10  
 The father-senate met. There Justice dealt,  
 With reason then and equity the same,  
 Free as the common air, her prompt decree;  
 Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subject's blood.  
 The simpler arts were all their simple wants     15  
 Had urg'd to light. But instant, these supply'd,  
 Another set of fonder wants arose,  
 And other arts with them of finer aim;  
 Till, from refining want to want impell'd,  
 The mind by thinking push'd her latent powers,     20  
 And life began to glow, and arts to shine.  
At

At first, on brutes alone the rustic war  
 Launch'd the rude spear; swift, as he glar'd along,  
 On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.  
 For then young sportive life was void of toil, 25  
 Demanding little, and with little pleas'd :  
 But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,  
 Led on by equal toils, the bosom fir'd ;  
 Lewd lazy rapine broke primæval peace,  
 And, hid in caves and idle forests drear, 30  
 From the lone pilgrim and the wandering swain,  
 Seiz'd what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood  
 First, horrid, smok'd on the polluted skies.  
 Awful in justice, then the burning youth,  
 Led by their temper'd fires, on lawless men, 35  
 The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,  
 Turn'd the keen arrow, and the sharpen'd spear.  
 Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose ;  
 Who, scorning coward self, for others liv'd,  
 Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled. 40  
 West with the living day to Greece I came :  
 Earth smil'd beneath my beam : the Muse before  
 Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods  
 Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain ;  
 But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd 45  
 A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.  
 For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook :  
 A boastful race, that in the vain abyss  
 Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,  
 And with their river trac'd it from the skies. 50  
 While there my laws alone despotically reign'd,

And

And king, as well as people, proud obey'd ;  
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts :  
By poets, sages, legislators fought ;  
The school of polish'd life, and human-kind. 55  
But when mysterious Superstition came,  
And, with her civil sister leagu'd, involv'd  
In study'd darkness the desponding mind ;  
Then Tyrant Power the righteous scourge unloos'd :  
For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave. 60  
Instead of useful works, like Nature's, great,  
Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land ;  
And round a tyrant's tomb, who none deserv'd,  
For one vile carcass perish'd countless lives.  
Then the great Dragon, couch'd amid his floods, 65  
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd—" This flood is  
" 'Tis I that bid it flow."—But, undeceiv'd, [mine,  
His phrenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt ;  
Felt that, without my fertilizing power,  
Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain. 70  
Nought could retard me : nor the frugal state  
Of rising Persia, sober in extreme,  
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd  
Into luxurious waste : nor yet the ports  
Of old Phœnicia ; first for letters fam'd, 75  
That paint the voice, and silent speak to sight,  
Of arts prime source, and guardian ! by fair stars,  
First tempted out into the lonely deep ;  
To whom I first disclos'd mechanic arts,  
The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves, 80  
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade ;

Earnest of Britain. Nor by these retain'd ;  
 Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore  
 The silver Jordan laves. Before me lay  
 The promis'd Land of Arts, and urg'd my flight. 85

Hail Nature's utmost boast ! unrival'd Greece !  
 My fairest reign ! where every power benign  
 Conspir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,  
 And lavish'd all that genius can inspire.  
 Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main, 90  
 Ionian or Ægæan, temper'd kind,  
 Light, airy soils. A country rich, and gay ;  
 Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,  
 And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales. 94  
 Mountains and streams, where verse spontaneous flow'd :  
 Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of gods,  
 And still the mountains and the streams of song.  
 All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour  
 Of high materials, and My restless Arts  
 Frame into finish'd life. How many states, 100  
 And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,  
 And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds !  
 From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat  
 By Adria's here, there by Ægæan waves ;  
 To where the deep adorning Cyclade Isles 105  
 In shining prospect rise, and on the shore  
 Of farthest Crete resounds the Libyan main.

O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,  
 And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurota's bank,  
 Amid a circle of soft-rising hills, 110  
 The patient Sparta one : the sober, hard,

And



And man-subduing city ; which no shape  
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.  
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base  
Of equal life, so well a temper'd state ; 115  
Where mix'd each government, in such just poise ;  
Each power so checking, and supporting, each ;  
That firm for ages, and unmov'd, it stood,  
The fort of Greece ! without one giddy hour,  
One shock of faction, or of party-rage. 120  
For, drain'd the springs of wealth, Corruption there  
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land !  
Had not neglected Art, with weedy vice  
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts  
Lov'd not the foil ; yet there the calm abode 125  
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,  
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase  
Confin'd, and press'd into laconic force.  
There too, by rooting thence still treacherous self,  
The public and the private grew the same, 130  
The children of the nursing public hall,  
And at its table fed, for that they toil'd,  
For that they liv'd entire, and ev'n for that  
The tender mother urg'd her son to die.  
Of softer genius, but not less intent 135  
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose :  
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,  
Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky,  
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,  
And to botanic hand the stores of health ; 140  
Wiapt in a soul-attenuating clime,

Between Ilyffus and Cephiffus glow'd  
 This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,  
 Of active arts, and animated arms.  
 There, passionate for Me, an easy-mov'd, 145  
 A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,  
 Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink  
 Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of speech,  
 Inforcing hasty counsel immature,  
 Totter'd the rash democracy ; unpois'd, 150  
 And by the rage devour'd, that ever tears  
 A populace unequal ; part too rich,  
 And part or fierce with want or abject grown.  
 Solon, at last, their mild restorer, rose :  
 Allay'd the tempest ; to the calm of laws 155  
 Reduc'd the settling whole ; and, with the weight  
 Which the two senates to the public lent,  
 As with an anchor fix'd the driving state.  
 Nor was my forming care to these confin'd.  
 For emulation through the whole I pour'd, 160  
 Noble contention ! who should most excel  
 In government well-pois'd, adjust'd best  
 To public weal : in countries cultur'd high :  
 In ornamented towns, where order reigns,  
 Free social life, and polish'd manners fair : 165  
 In exercise, and arms ; arms only drawn  
 For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride :  
 In moral science, and in graceful arts.  
 Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,  
 The prize grew greater, and the prize of all. 170  
 By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth

Pour'd

Pour'd every beam ; by generous pride inflam'd,  
Felt every ardour burn : their great reward  
The verdant wreath, which founding Pifa gave. 174

Hence flourish'd Greece ; and hence a race of men,  
As gods by conscious future times ador'd :  
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,  
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,  
Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,  
At the *fam'd pass*, firm as an isthmus stood ; 180  
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far  
As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd,  
While in extended battle, at the field  
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove  
Before their ardent band, an host of slaves. 185

Hence through the continent ten thousand Greeks  
Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime  
Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain,  
Oppos'd their course ; and hostile lands, unknown ;  
And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death ;  
And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grin'd 191  
Hunger, and toil ; Armenian snows, and storms ;  
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.  
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,  
Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds, 195  
Which a whole empire pour'd ; and held its way  
Triumphant, by the Sage-exalted Chief  
Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh, light and force of mind,  
Almost almighty in severe extremes !  
The sea at last from Colchian mountains scen, 200  
Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw

The

The foldiers fond embrace ; o'erflow'd their eyes  
 With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice  
 To cries refounding loud—*The sea ! the sea !*

In Attic bounds hence heroes, fages, wits, 205  
 Shone thick as stars, the milky way of Greece !  
 And though gay wit, and pleasing grace, was theirs,  
 All the soft modes of elegance and ease ;  
 Yet was not courage less, the patient touch  
 Of toiling art, and disquisition deep. 210

My Spirit pours a vigour through the soul  
 Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,  
 Invincible in arts, in the bright field  
 Of nobler science, as in that of arms.  
 Athenians thus not less intrepid burst 215  
 The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd  
 The Persian chains : while through the city, full  
 Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,  
 Incessant struggled taste refining taste,  
 And friendly free discussion, calling forth 220  
 From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.  
 O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage,  
 And father of philosophy : the sun,  
 From whose white blaze emerg'd each various sect  
 Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam. 225  
 Tutor of Athens ! he, in every street,  
 Dealt priceless treasure : goodness his delight,  
 Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.  
 Deep through the human heart, with playful art,  
 His simple question stole : as into truth, 230  
 And serious deeds, he smil'd the laughing race ;

Taught

Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,  
Or grace mankind ; and what he taught he was.  
Compounded high, though plain, his doctrine broke  
In different schools. The bold poetic phrase 235  
Of figur'd Plato ; Xenophon's pure strain,  
Like the clear brook that steals along the vale ;  
Dissecting truth, the Stagyrte's keen eye ;  
Th' exalted Stoic pride ; the Cynic sneer ;  
The slow-consenting Academic doubt ; 240  
And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease  
Of Epicurus, seldom understood.

They, ever-candid, reason still oppos'd  
To reason ; and, since virtue was their aim,  
Each by sure practice try'd to prove his way 245  
The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base  
Of Liberty, the liberty of mind :  
For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,  
Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.  
From priestly darkness sprung th' enlightening arts 250  
Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.

O, Greece ! thou sapient nurse of Finer Arts !  
Which to bright science blooming fancy bore,  
Be this thy praise, that Thou, and Thou alone,  
In these hast led the way, in these excell'd, 255  
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting time.

In thy full language, speaking mighty things ;  
Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd  
A broad majestic stream, and rolling on  
Through all the winding harmony of sound : 260  
In it the power of Eloquence, at large,

Breath'd

Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul ;  
 Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,  
 Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,  
 Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops. 265  
 In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd,  
 By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,  
 Her unconfin'd divinity display'd ;  
 And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will :  
 Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan, 270  
 Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of gods.

*Heroic song* was thine, the Fountain-Bard,  
 Whence each poetic stream derives its course.  
 Thine the dread *moral scene*, thy chief delight !  
 Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice, 275  
 When reason spoke august ; the fervent heart  
 Or plain'd, or storm'd ; and in th' impassion'd man,  
 Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.  
 This potent school of manners, but when left  
 To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague, 280  
 Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,  
 And boundless cost, by thee ; whose every son,  
 Ev'n last mechanic, the true taste possess'd  
 Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.

The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain, 285  
 Thine was the meaning music of the heart.  
 Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs  
 In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears ;  
 But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,  
 To which respondent shakes the varied soul. 290

Thy

Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,  
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,  
The boast of well-pleas'd Nature ! Sculpture seiz'd,  
And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.  
Selecting beauty's choice, and that again 295  
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,  
Thy workmen left ev'n Nature's self behind.  
From those far different, whose prolific hand  
Peoples a nation ; they for years on years,  
By the cool touches of judicious toil, 300  
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all  
Through the live features of one breathing stone.  
There, beaming full, it shone ; expressing gods :  
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,  
The fierce atrocious frown of finew'd Mars, 305  
Or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen.  
Minutely perfect all ! Each dimple sunk,  
And every muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.  
In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd ;  
Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils ; 310  
Sprung into motion ; soften'd into flesh ;  
Was fir'd to passion, or refin'd to soul.

Nor less thy pencil, with creative touch,  
Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames,  
Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd. 315  
And when Apelles, who peculiar knew  
To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,  
The soul of beauty ! call'd the Queen of Love,  
Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.  
Ev'n such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd, 320

That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch  
 Dash'd to the ground ; and, rather than destroy  
 The patriot picture, let the city 'scape.

First elder Sculpture taught her Sister Art  
 Correct design ; where great ideas shone, 325  
 And in the secret trace expression spoke :  
 Taught her the graceful attitude ; the turn,  
 And beauteous airs of head ; the native act,  
 Or bold, or easy ; and, cast free behind,  
 The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow. 330  
 Then the bright Muse, their eldest sister, came ;  
 And bade her follow where she led the way :  
 Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise ;  
 And copious action on the canvass glow ;  
 Gave her gay fable ; spread invention's store ; 335  
 Enlarg'd her view ; taught composition high,  
 And just arrangement, circling round one point,  
 That starts to fight, binds and commands the whole.  
 Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,  
 And, scorning the soft trade of mere delight, 340  
 O'er all thy temples, porticos, and schools,  
 Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd  
 Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.  
 There, as th' imagin'd presence of the God,  
 Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd 345  
 Calm contemplation, or assembled youth  
 Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,  
 The living lesson stole into the heart,  
 With more prevailing force than dwells in words.  
 These rouse to glory ; while, to rural life, 350  
 The



The softer canvass oft repos'd the soul.  
There gayly broke the sun-illumin'd cloud ;  
The lessening prospect, and the mountain blue,  
Vanish'd in air ; the precipice frown'd, dire ;  
White, down the rock the rushing torrent dash'd ; 355  
The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main ;  
The tempest foam'd, immense ; the driving storm  
Sadden'd the skies, and, from the doubling gloom,  
On the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell ;  
In closing shades, and where the current strays, 360  
With peace, and love, and innocence around,  
Pip'd the lone shepherd to his feeding flock :  
Round happy parents smil'd their younger selves ;  
And friends convers'd, by death divided long.

To public Virtue thus the smiling Arts, 365  
Unblemish'd handmaids, serv'd ! the Graces they  
To dress this fairest Venus. Thus rever'd,  
And plac'd beyond the reach of fordid care,  
The high awarers of immortal fame,  
Alone for glory thy great masters strove ; 370  
Court'd by kings, and by contending states  
Assum'd the boasted honour of their birth.

In Architecture too thy rank supreme !  
That art where most magnificent appears  
The little builder man ; by thee refin'd, 375  
And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.  
Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,  
Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth  
With labour'd heavy monuments of shame.  
Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore 380

Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd,  
 And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose ;  
 Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,  
 Her airy pillar heav'd ; luxuriant last,  
 The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath. 385  
 The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off  
 By fine proportion, that the marble pile,  
 Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste  
 Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd  
 That from the magic wand aerial rise. 390

These were the wonders that illumin'd Greece,  
 From end to end—Here interrupting warm,  
 Where are they now ? (I cry'd) say, Goddes, where ?  
 And what the land thy darling thus of old ?  
 Sunk ! she resum'd : deep in the kindred gloom 395  
 Of superstition, and of slavery sunk !  
 No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd  
 By loose dejected sloth and servile fear ;  
 No science pierce the darkness of their minds ;  
 No nobler art the quick ambitious soul 400  
 Of imitation in their breast awake.  
 Ev'n, to supply the needful arts of life,  
 Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand.  
 Scarce any trace remaining, vestige grey,  
 Or nodding column on the desert shore, 405  
 To point where Corinth, or where Athens stood.  
 A faithless land of violence, and death !  
 Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore ;  
 And his wild impulse curious search restrains,  
 Afraid to trust th' inhospitable clime, 410

Neglected

Neglected nature fails ; in sordid want  
Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.  
The sun himself seems angry, to regard,  
Of light unworthy, the degenerate race ;  
And fires them oft with pestilential rays : 415  
While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,  
Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides.  
But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,  
Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,  
So states must die, and Liberty go round. 420

Fierce was the stand, ere virtue, valour, arts,  
And the soul fir'd by Me (that often, stung  
With thoughts of better times and old renown,  
From hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land)  
Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd 425  
And gross o'er all unfeeling bondage spread.  
Sooner I mov'd my much-reluctant flight,  
Pois'd on the doubtful wing : when Greece with Greece  
Embroid'd in foul contention fought no more  
For common glory, and for common weal : 430  
But, false to freedom, sought to quell the free ;  
Broke the firm band of peace, and sacred love,  
That lent the whole irrefragable force ;  
And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,  
Prepar'd the way for total overthrow.  
Then to the Persian power, whose pride they scorn'd,  
When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,  
Sparta, by turns, and Athens, vilely sued ;  
Sued to be venal parricides, to spill  
Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves 440

To turn their matchless mercenary arms.  
 Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the great king;  
 And by the trick of treaties, the still waste  
 Of sly corruption, and barbaric gold,  
 Effected what his steel could ne'er perform. 445  
 Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,  
 Inflaming all the land: unbalanc'd wide  
 Their tottering states; their wild assemblies rul'd,  
 As the winds turn at every blast the seas:  
 And by their lifted orators, whose breath 450  
 Still with a factious storm infested Greece,  
 Rous'd them to civil war, or dash'd them down  
 To fordid peace.—Peace! that, when Sparta shook  
 Astonish'd Artaxerxes on his throne,  
 Gave up, far-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore, 455  
 Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.  
 What could so base, so infamous a thought  
 In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw  
 Respiring Athens rear again her walls;  
 And the pale fury fir'd them, once again 460  
 To crush this rival city to the dust.  
 For now no more the noble social soul  
 Of Liberty my families combin'd;  
 But by short views, and selfish passions, broke,  
 Dire as when friends are rankled into foes, 465  
 They mix'd severe, and wag'd eternal war;  
 Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force;  
 Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,  
 Saw how the blackening storm from Thracia came.  
 Long years roll'd on, by many a battle stain'd, 470  
 The

The blush and boast of Fame ! where courage, art,  
 And military glory, shone supreme :  
 But let detesting ages, from the scene  
 Of Greece self-mangled, turn the sickening eye.  
 At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds, 475  
 She felt her spirits fail ; and in the dust  
 Her latest heroes, Nicias, Conon' lay,  
 Agesilaus, and the Theban Friends :  
 The Macedonian vulture mark'd his time,  
 By the dire scent of Cheronæa lur'd, 480  
 And, fierce-descending, seiz'd his hapless prey.

Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke  
 Greece, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold ;  
 For every Grace, and Muse, and Science born ;  
 With arts of war, of government, elate ; 485  
 To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best ;  
 Whom I Myself could scarcely rule : and thus  
 The Persian fetters, that intrall'd the mind,  
 Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains,

Unless Corruption first deject the pride, 490  
 And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,  
 All crude attempts of violence are vain ;  
 For, firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,  
 Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.  
 But soon as Independence stoops the head, 495  
 To vice enslav'd, and vice-created wants ;  
 Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste  
 These heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds :  
 From man to man the slackening ruin runs,  
 Till the whole state unnerv'd, in Slavery sinks. 500

## NOTES on PART II.

Ver. 57. Civil tyranny.

Ver. 63. The pyramids.

Ver. 65. The tyrants of Egypt.

Ver. 138. A mountain near Athens.

Ver. 142. Two rivers, betwixt which Athens was situated.

Ver. 157. The Areopagus, or supreme court of judicature, which Solon reformed, and improved : and the council of Four Hundred, by him instituted. In this council all affairs of state were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the assembly of the people.

Ver. 174. Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.

Ver. 180. The straits of Thermopylæ.

Ver. 197. Xenophon.

Ver. 222. Socrates.

Ver. 272. Homer.

Ver. 323. When Demetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by setting fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of the celebrated Protogenes ; he chose rather to raise the siege, than hazard the burning of a famous picture called Jafylus, the masterpiece of that painter.

Ver. 442. So the kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.

Ver. 453. The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedæmonian admiral, with the Persians ; by which the

Lace-

Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the Lesser Asia to the dominion of the king of Persia.

Ver. 459. Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedemonians, at the end of the first Peloponnesian war, and was at this time restored by Conon to its former splendor.

Ver. 470. The Peloponnesian war.

Ver. 478. Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Ver. 480. The battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

ROME:





R O M E;

BEING THE THIRD PART OF

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

### The CONTENTS of PART III.

As this part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which with Sicily constituted the Great Greece of the ancients. With these colonies the Spirit of Liberty, and of republics, spreads over Italy; to ver. 32. Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through those free states and cities; to ver. 71. Amidst the many small republics in Italy, Rome the destined seat of Liberty. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece; to ver. 88. Reference to a view of the Roman republic given in the first part of this poem: to mark its rise and fall, the peculiar purport of this. During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty and Virtue exerted; to ver. 103. The source whence derived the heroic virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of these virtues. Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire, abroad; to ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman empire, geographically described; to ver. 257. The states of Greece restored to Liberty by Titus Quintus Flaminus, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence; to ver. 328. The loss of Liberty in Rome. Its causes, progress, and completion in the death of Brutus; to ver. 485. Rome under the emperors; to ver. 513. From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the Northern Nations; where, by infusing into them her spirit and general principles, She lays the ground-work of her future establishments; sends them in vengeance on the Roman empire, now totally enslaved; and then, with arts and sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages; to ver. 550. The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

## L I B E R T Y.

## P A R T III.

**H**ERE melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,  
 That painted still whate'er the Goddeſs ſung.  
 Then I, impatient: "From extinguiſh'd Greece,  
 "To what new region ſteam'd the human day?"  
 She ſoftly ſighing, as when Zephyr leaves, 5  
 Reſign'd to Boreas, the declining year,  
 Reſum'd: Indignant, theſe laſt ſcenes I fled;  
 And long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,  
 And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,  
 All Latium ſtood arouſ'd. Ages before, 10  
 Great mother of republics! Greece had pour'd,  
 Swarm after ſwarm, her ardent youth around,  
 On Aſia, Afric, Sicily, they ſtoop'd,  
 But chief on fair Hefperia's winding ſhore;  
 Where, from Lacinium to Etrurian vales, 15  
 They roll'd increaſing colonies along,  
 And lent materials for my Roman Reign.  
 With them *my ſpirit* ſpread; and numerous ſtates  
 And cities roſe, on Grecian models form'd;  
 As its parental policy, and arts, 20  
 Each had imbib'd. Beſides, to each aſſign'd  
 A guardian genius, o'er the public weal,

Kept

Kept an unclosing eye ; try'd to sustain,  
 Or more sublime, the soul infus'd by Me :  
 And strong the battle rose, with various wave, 25  
 Against the tyrant demons of the land.  
 Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew ;  
 Their flows of fortune, and receding times, .  
 But almost all below the proud regard  
 Of stony vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent 30  
 That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.

Not so the Samian Sage ; to him belongs  
 The brightest witness of recording fame.  
 For these free states his native isle forsook,  
 And a vain tyrant's transitory smile, 35  
 He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air,  
 And through great Greece his gentle wisdom taught ;  
 Wisdom that calm'd for listening years the mind,  
 Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal,  
 His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps 40  
 Of boundless æther ; where unnumber'd orbs,  
 Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky  
 Uneering roll, and wind their steady way.  
 There he the full consenting choir beheld ;  
 There first discern'd the secret band of love, 45  
 The kind attraction, that to central suns  
 Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.  
 Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd  
 Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,  
 The sun of beings ! beaming unconfin'd 50  
 Light, life, and love, and ever-active power :  
 Whom nought can image, and who best approves

The silent worship of the moral heart,  
That joys in bounteous heaven, and spreads the joy  
Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life, 55  
And bound his reason to the sphere of man.  
He gave the four yet reigning virtues name ;  
Inspur'd the study of the finer arts,  
That civilize mankind, and laws devis'd  
Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd. 60  
He ev'n, into his tender system, took  
Whatever shares the brotherhood of life :  
He taught that life's indissoluble flame,  
From brute to man, and man to brute again,  
For ever shifting, runs th' eternal round ; 65  
Thence try'd against the blood-polluted meal,  
And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,  
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth !  
Had he beheld the living chain ascend,  
And not a circling form, but rising whole. 70  
Amid these small republics one arose,  
On yellow Tyber's bank, almighty Rome,  
Fated for Me. A nobler spirit warm'd  
Her sons ; and, rouz'd by tyrants, nobler still  
It burn'd in Brutus ; the proud Tarquins chac'd, 75  
With all their crimes ; bade radiant æras rise,  
And the long honours of the consul-line.  
Here, from the fairer, not the greater, plan  
Of Greece I vary'd ; whose unmixing states,  
By the keen soul of emulation pierc'd, 80  
Long wag'd alone the bloodless war of arts,  
And their *best* empire gain'd. But to diffuse

O'er *men* an empire was my purpose now :  
 To let my martial majesty abroad ;  
 Into the vortex of one state to draw 85  
 The whole mix'd force, and liberty, on earth ;  
 To conquer tyrants, and set nations free.

Already have I given, with flying touch,  
 A broken view of this my amplest reign.  
 Now, while its first, last, periods you survey, 90  
 Mark how it labouring rose, and rapid fell.

When Rome in noon-tide empire grasp'd the world,  
 And, soon as her resistless legions shone,  
 The nations stoop'd around ; though then appear'd  
 Her grandeur most, yet in her dawn of power, 95  
 By many a jealous equal people press'd,  
 Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then ;  
 Then for each Roman I an hero told ;  
 And every passing sun, and Latian scene,  
 Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds, 100  
 That or surpass the faith of modern times,  
 Or, if believ'd, with sacred horror strike.

For then, to prove my most exalted power,  
 I to the point of full perfection push'd,  
 To fondness or enthusiastic zeal, 105  
 The great, the reigning passion of the free.  
 That godlike passion ! which, the bounds of self  
 Divinely bursting, the whole publick takes  
 Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high  
 With the mix'd ardor of unnumber'd selves ; 110  
 Of all who safe beneath the voted laws  
 Of the same parent state, fraternal, live.

From

From this kind fun of moral nature flow'd  
Virtues, that shine the light of human kind,  
And, ray'd through story, warm remotest time. 115  
'These virtues too, reflected to their source,  
Encreas'd its flame. The social charm went round,  
The fair idea, more attractive still,  
As more by virtue mark'd; till Romans, all  
One band of friends, unconquerable grew. 120

Hence, when their country rais'd her plaintive voice,  
The voice of pleading nature was not heard;  
And in their hearts the fathers throb'd no more:  
Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.  
Hence sweeten'd pain, the luxury of toil; 125  
Patience, that baffled fortune's utmost rage;  
High-minded hope, which at the lowest ebb,  
When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,  
The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.  
Hence moderation a new conquest gain'd; 130  
As on the vanquish'd, like descending heaven,  
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,  
And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.  
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,  
Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce. 135  
Hence, Independence, with his little pleas'd,  
Serene, and self-sufficient, like a God;  
In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,  
While he his honest roots to gold preferr'd;  
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field, 140  
The man maintain'd, the Roman's splendor all  
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd:

Or ready, a rough fwain, to guide the plough ;  
 Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,  
 In long majestic flow, to rule the state, 145  
 With wisdom's purest eye ; or, clad in steel,  
 To drive the steady battle on the foe.  
 Hence every passion, ev'n the proudest, stoop'd,  
 To common good : Camillus, thy revenge ;  
 Thy glory, Fabius. All submissive hence, 150  
 Consuls, dictators, still resign'd their rule,  
 The very moment that the laws ordain'd.  
 Though conquest o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wings,  
 Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her snowy steeds  
 To the triumphal car ; soon as expir'd 155  
 The latest hour of sway, taught to submit  
 (A harder lesson than to command)  
 Into the private Roman funk the chief.  
 If Rome was serv'd, and glorious, careless they 159  
 By whom. Their country's fame they deem'd their own ;  
 And, above envy, in a rival's train,  
 Sung the loud lōs by themselves deserv'd.  
 Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's bank,  
 Hence fell the Fabii ; hence the Decii dy'd ;  
 And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulf. 165  
 Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firm'd,  
 By dreadful counsel never given before ;  
 For Roman honour sued, and his own doom.  
 Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepar'd  
 By Punic rage. On earth his manly look 170  
 Relentless fix'd, he from a last embrace,  
 By chains polluted, put his wife aside,



His little children climbing for a kiss ;  
Then dumb through rows of weeping wondering friends,  
A new illustrious exile ! prefs'd along. 175  
Nor less impatient did he pierce the crowds  
Opposing his return, than if, escap'd  
From long litigious suits, he glad forfook  
The noisy town a while, and city cloud,  
To breathe Venafrian, or Tarentine air. 180  
Need I these high particulars recount ?  
The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame ;  
Flight their worst death, and shame their only fear.  
Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,  
When Rome and glory call'd. But, in one view, 185  
Mark the rare boast of these unequal'd times.  
Ages revolv'd unfully'd by a crime :  
Astrea reign'd, and scarcely needed laws  
To bind a race elated with the pride  
Of virtue, and disdaining to descend 190  
To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.  
While war around them rag'd, in happy Rome  
All peaceful smil'd, all save the passing clouds  
That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow !  
And fair unblemish'd centuries elaps'd, 195  
When not a Roman bled but in the field.  
Their virtue such, that an unbalanc'd state,  
Still between noble and plebeian tost,  
As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,  
Was thence kept firm, and with triumphant prow 200  
Rode out the storms. Oft though the native feuds,  
That from the first their constitution shook,

(A latent ruin, growing as it grew)  
Stood on the threatening point of civil war  
Ready to rush : yet could the lenient voice 205  
Of wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,  
Those sons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts,  
Unpetrify'd by self, so naked lay,  
And sensible to truth, that o'er the rage  
Of giddy faction, by oppression swell'd, 210  
Prevail'd a simple fable, and at once  
To peace recover'd the divided state.  
But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd  
The soothing touch ; still, in the love of Rome,  
The dread dictator found a sure resource. 215  
Was she assaulted ? was her glory stain'd ?  
One common quarrel wide-inflam'd the whole.  
Foes in the forum in the field were friends,  
By social danger bound ; each fond for each,  
And for their dearest country all, to die, 220  
Thus up the hill of empire flow they toil'd :  
Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states  
Of proud Italia blended into one ;  
Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,  
And touch'd the limits of the failing world. 225  
Let Fancy's eye the distant lines unite.  
See that which borders wild the western main,  
Where storms at large resound, and tides immense :  
From Caledonia's dim ærulean coast,  
And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd 230  
Amid the restless clouds, and leaning heaven,  
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.

Mark that oppos'd, where first the springing morn  
Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews :  
From the dire deserts by the Caspian lav'd, 235  
To where the Tigris and Euphrates, join'd,  
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain ;  
And blest Arabia aromatic breathes.  
See that dividing far the watery north,  
Parent of floods ! from the majestic Rhine, 240  
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,  
In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars ;  
To where the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs  
The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha,  
In the black Scythian sea his torrent throws. 245  
Last, that beneath the burning zone behold.  
See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains  
Of Mauritania to the Libyan sands,  
Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waste  
A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh ; 250  
And farther to the full Egyptian shore,  
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,  
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.  
In this vast space what various tongues, and states !  
What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods and seas !  
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations free'd ! 255  
O'er Greece descended chief, with stealth divine,  
The Roman bounty in a flood of day :  
As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp !  
Her full-assembled youth innumerable swarm'd. 260  
On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius sat ;  
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd

Of iron-coated Macedon, and back  
 The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd.  
 In the high thoughtless gaiety of game, 265  
 While sport alone their unambitious hearts  
 Possess'd; the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,  
 Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.  
 Then thus a herald.—“ To the states of Greece  
 “ The Roman People, unconfin'd, restore 270  
 “ Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws :  
 “ Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw.”  
 The crow'd astonish'd half, and half inform'd,  
 Star'd dubious round; some question'd, some exclaim'd,  
 (Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear, 275  
 Is lost in anxious joy) Be that again,  
 Be that again proclaim'd, distinct, and loud.  
 Loud, and distinct, it was again proclaim'd;  
 And still as midnight in the rural shade,  
 When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd. 280  
 A while severe amazement held them mute,  
 Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven  
 From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.  
 On every hand rebellow'd to their joy  
 The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills : 285  
 Through all her turrets stately Corinth shook;  
 And, from the void above of shatter'd air,  
 The sitting bird fell breathless to the ground.  
 What piercing bliss ! how keen a sense of fame,  
 Did then, Flaminius, reach thy inmost soul ! 290  
 And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then  
 Escape the fondness of transported Greece !

Mix'd

Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,  
They left the sports ; like Bacchanals they flew,  
Each other straining in a strict embrace, 295  
Nor strain'd a slave ; and loud acclaims till night  
Round the proconsul's tent repeated rung.  
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive hours ;  
And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm, 299  
Their raptures wak'd anew.—“ Ye Gods ! they cry'd,  
“ Ye guardian Gods of Greece ! And are we free ?  
“ Was it not madness deem'd the very thought ?  
“ And is it true ? How did we purchase chains ?  
“ At what a dire expence of kindred blood ?  
“ And are they now dissolv'd ? And scarce one drop  
“ For the fair first of blessings have we paid ? 306  
“ Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,  
“ When rages wide the storm of mingling war,  
“ Are rare indeed ; but how to generous ends  
“ To turn success, and conquest, rarer still : 310  
“ That the great Gods and Romans only know.  
“ Lives there on earth, almost to Greece unknown,  
“ A people so magnanimous, to quit  
“ Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,  
“ And by their blood and treasure, spent for us, 315  
“ Redeem our states, our liberties, and laws !  
“ There does ! there does ! oh, saviour Titus ! Rome !”  
Thus through the happy night they pour'd their souls,  
And in my last reflected beams rejoic'd.  
As when the shepherd, on the mountain brow, 320  
Sits piping to his flocks, and gamefome kids ;  
Meantime the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,

Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam :  
 Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,  
 Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain ;  
 To western worlds irrevocable roll'd, 326  
 Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray.

Here interposing I.—“ Oh, Queen of men !  
 “ Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights  
 “ Equal they live ; though plac'd, for common good,  
 “ Various, or in subjection, or command ; 331  
 “ And that by common choice : alas ! the scene,  
 “ With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,  
 “ Streams into blood, and darkens into woe.”  
 Thus she pursued.—Near this great æra, Rome 335  
 Began to feel the swift approach of fate,  
 That now her vitals gain'd . still more and more  
 Her deep divisions kindling into rage,  
 And war with chains and desolation charg'd.  
 From an unequal balance of her sons 340  
 These fierce contentions sprung ; and, as increas'd  
 This hated inequality, more fierce  
 They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd ;  
 Here by luxurious wants, by real there ;  
 And with this virtue every virtue sunk, 345  
 As, with the sliding rock, the pile sustain'd.  
 A last attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,  
 To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.  
 On one side swell'd Aristocratic pride ;  
 With Usury, the villain ! whose fell gripe 350  
 Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul ;  
 And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,

Mother of vice ! while on the other crept  
A populace in want, with pleasure fir'd ;  
Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds, 355  
As the proud feeder bade : inconstant, blind,  
Deserting friends at need, and dup'd by foes ;  
Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd  
Their headlong fury, but, of him depriv'd,  
Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand. 360

'Tis this firm republic, that against the blast  
Of opposition rose ; that (like an oak,  
Nurs'd on feracious Algidum, whose boughs  
Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid axe)  
By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself, 365  
Ev'n force and spirit drew ; smit with the calm,  
The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pin'd.  
Nought now her weighty legions could oppose ;  
Her terror once on Afric's tawny shore,  
Now smok'd in dust, a stabling now for wolves ; 370  
And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.  
Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd east,  
In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,  
That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst  
For the false joys which luxury prepares. 375  
Unworthy joys ! that wasteful leave behind  
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,  
No secret ray to glad the conscious soul ;  
At once involving in one ruin wealth,  
And wealth-acquiring powers : while stupid self, 380  
Of narrow gust, and hebetating sense  
Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.

Hence

Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth ;  
 Security relax'd the softening state ;  
 And the broad eye of government lay clos'd ; 385  
 No more the laws inviolable reign'd,  
 And public weal no more : but party rag'd ;  
 And partial power, and licence unrestrain'd,  
 Let discord through the deathful city loose.  
 First, mild Tiberius, on thy sacred head 390  
 The fury's vengeance fell ; the first, whose blood  
 Had since the consuls stain'd contending Rome.  
 Of precedent pernicious ! with thee bled  
 Three hundred Romans ; with thy brother, next,  
 Three thousand more ; till, into battles turn'd 395  
 Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,  
 The forum and comitia horrid grew,  
 A scene of barter'd power, or reeking gore.  
 When, half-asham'd, Corruption's thievish arts,  
 And ruffian force began to sap the mounds 400  
 And majesty of laws ; if not in time  
 Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong  
 The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.  
 Thus luxury, dissension, a mix'd rage  
 Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth, 405  
 Want wishing change, and waste repairing war,  
 Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,  
 Guilt unaton'd, profuse of blood revenge,  
 Corruption all avow'd, and lawless force,  
 Each heightening each, alternate shook the state, 410  
 Meantime ambition, at the dazzling head  
 Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd

And



And spoil of nations, in one circling blast  
Combin'd in various storm, and from its base  
The broad republic tore. By virtue built, 415  
It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd earth  
An ample roof: by virtue too sustain'd,  
And balanc'd steady, every tempest sung  
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand.

But when, with sudden and enormous change, 420  
The first of mankind sunk into the last,  
As once in virtue, so in vice extreme,  
This universal fabric yielded loose,  
Before ambition fell; and thundering down,  
At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world. 425

A conquering people, to themselves a prey,  
Must ever fall; when their victorious troops,  
In blood and rapine savage grown, can find  
No land to sack and pillage but their own.

By brutal Marius, and keen Sylla, first 430  
Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,  
Unceasing woes began, and this, or that,  
(Deep-drenching their revenge) nor virtue spar'd,

Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;  
Till Rome, into 'an human shambles turn'd, 435  
Made deserts lovely.—Oh, to well-earn'd chains  
Devoted race!—If no true Roman then,

No Scævola there was, to raise for Me  
A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd  
Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age? 440

No son, a witness to his hoary fire  
In dust and gore defil'd? no friend, forlorn?

No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself?  
 None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,  
 Who, heaping horror round, no more deserv'd 445  
 The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd?  
 No. Sad o'er all profound dejection sat;  
 And nerveless fear. The slave's asylum theirs:  
 Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back  
 Turns weak to slaughter; or partaken guilt. 450  
 In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew  
 An unexampled deed. The power resign'd,  
 And all unhop'd the common-wealth restor'd,  
 Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes. 454  
 Through streets yet streaming from his murderous hand  
 Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd,  
 And on the bed of peace his ashes laid;  
 A grace, which I to his demission gave.  
 But with him dy'd not the despotic soul.  
 Ambition saw that stooping Rome could bear 460  
 A Master, *nor bad virtue to be free.*  
 Hence, for succeeding years, my troubled reign  
 No certain peace, no spreading prospect, knew.  
 Destruction gather'd round. Still the black soul,  
 Or of a Cataline, or Rullus, swell'd 465  
 With fell designs; and all the watchful art  
 Of Cicero demanded, all the force,  
 All the state-wielding magic of his tongue;  
 And all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.  
 With these I linger'd; till the flame anew 470  
 Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapt the world.  
 The shameful contest sprung; to whom mankind  
 Should

Should yield the neck : to Pompey, who conceal'd  
A rage impatient of an equal name ;  
Or to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow 475  
O'er daring vice deluding virtue smil'd,  
And who no less a vain superior scorn'd.  
Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose,  
*The venal WILL be bought, the base have lords.*  
To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves ; 480  
And from Philippi's field, from where in dust  
The last of Romans, matchless Brutus ! lay,  
Spread to the north untam'd a rapid wing.

What though the first smooth Cæsar's arts carefs'd,  
Merit and virtue, simulating Me ? 485  
Severely tender ! cruelly humane !  
The chain to clinch, and make it softer fit  
On the new-broken still ferocious state.  
From the dark Third, succeeding, I beheld  
Th' imperial monsters all.—A race on earth 490  
Vindictive, sent the scourge of human-kind !  
Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world ;  
Whose lust to forming nature seems disgrace ;  
And whose infernal rage bade every drop  
Of ancient blood, that yet retain'd my flame, 495  
To that of Pætus, in the peaceful bath,  
Or Rome's affrighted streets, inglorious flow.  
But almost just the meanly-patient death,  
That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke.  
Titus indeed gave one short evening gleam ; 500  
More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread  
Of storm, and horror. . The delight of men !

He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand  
Had made no happy heart, concluded lost ;  
Trajan and He, with the mild Sire and Son, 505  
His son of virtue ! eas'd awhile mankind ;  
And arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.  
Then was their last effort : what sculpture rais'd  
To Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole ; 509  
And mix'd with Gothic forms, (the chissel's shame) .  
On that triumphal arch, the forms of Greece.

Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales  
 Of gelid Hemus, I pursued my flight ;  
 And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept  
 Sarmatia, travers'd by a thousand streams. 515  
 A fullen land of lakes, and fens immense,  
 Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,  
 And cruel deserts black with founding pine ;  
 Where nature frowns : though sometimes into smiles  
 She softens ; and immediate, at the touch 520  
 Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe  
 Luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.  
 But, cold-compress'd, when the whole loaded heaven  
 Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,  
 Lies undistinguish'd earth ; and, seiz'd by frost, 525  
 Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans sleep,  
 Yet there life glows ; the furry millions there,  
 Deep-dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows :  
 And there a race of men prolific swarms,  
 To various pain, to little pleasure us'd ; 530  
 On whom, keen-parching, beat Riphæan winds ;  
 Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,

The

The nursery of nations !—These I rous'd,  
Drove land on land, on people people pour'd ;  
Till from almost perpetual night they broke, 535  
As if in search of day ; and o'er the banks  
Of yielding empire, only slave-sustain'd,  
Refittless rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by Me.

Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd seeds  
Of freedom lay, for many a wintery age ; 540  
And though my spirit work'd, by slow degrees,  
Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd.  
Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.  
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes  
Aerial, warn'd of rising winter, ride 545  
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne ;  
So, arts and each good genius in my train,  
I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to heaven.

In the bright regions there of purest day,  
Far other scenes, and palaces, arise, 550  
Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.  
All beauty here below, to them compar'd,  
Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,  
Shrink up its blossom ; like a bubble, break  
The passing poor magnificence of kings. 555  
For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,  
Calls every splendor forth ; and there his court  
Amid ethereal powers, and virtues, holds :  
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,  
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds. 560  
But sacred be the veil, that kindly clouds  
A light too keen for mortals : wraps a view

Too softening fair, for those that here in dust  
Must chearful toil out their appointed years.  
A sense of higher life would only damp 565  
The school-boy's task, and spoil his playful hours.  
Nor could the child of reason, feeble man,  
With vigour through this infant being drudge;  
Did brighter worlds, their unimagined bliss  
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind. 570

## NOTES ON PART III.

Ver. 7. The last struggles of liberty in Greece.

Ver. 15. A promontory in Calabria.

Ver. 32. Pythagoras.

Ver. 34. Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.

Ver. 37. The southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called because of the Grecian colonies there settled.

Ver. 38. His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.

Ver. 57. The four cardinal virtues.

Ver. 244. The ancient name of the Volga.

Ver. 245. The Caspian sea.

Ver. 264. The king of Macedonia.

Ver. 286. The Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.

Ver. 369. Carthage.

Ver. 390. Tib. Gracchus.

Ver. 465. Pub. Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, proposed an Agrarian Law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty; and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his speech against Rullus.

Ver. 489. Tiberius.

Ver. 496. Thrasea Pætus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death thus.—“After having inhumanly slaughtered so many illustrious men, he (Nero) burned at last with a de-

“ fire of cutting off virtue itself in the person of Thra-  
“ sea, &c.

Ver. 505. Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philosophus.

Ver. 511. Constantine's arch, to build which, that of Trajan was destroyed, sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.

Ver. 515. The ancient Sarmatia contained a vast tract of country running all along the north of Europe, and Asia.

BRITAIN:



B R I T A I N:

BEING THE FOURTH PART OF

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

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## L I B E R T Y.

## P A R T IV.

S`TRUCK with the rising scene, thus I amaz'd :  
 “ Ah, Goddess, what a change ! Is earth the same ?

“ Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds ?

“ And does the same fair sun and æther spread

“ Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul ? 5

“ Lo ! beauty fails ; lost in unlovely forms

“ Of little pomp, magnificence no more

“ Exalts the mind, and bids the public smile :

“ While to rapacious interest glory leaves

“ Mankind, and every grace of life is gone.” 10

To this the Power, whose vital radiance calls  
 From the brute mass of man an order'd world.

“ Wait till the morning shines, and from the depth

“ Of Gothic darkness springs another day.

“ True, Genius droops ; the tender ancient taste 15

“ Of beauty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,

“ But faintly trembles through the callous soul ;

“ And grandeur, or of morals, or of life,

“ Sinks into safe pursuits, and creeping cares.

“ Ev'n cautious Virtue seems to stoop her flight, 20

“ And aged life to deem the generous deeds

“ Of youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought

" Well-reason'd, in researches piercing deep  
 " Through nature's works, in profitable arts,  
 " And all that calm experience can disclose, 25  
 " (Slow guide, but sure) behold the world anew  
 " Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd ;  
 " And, where My Spirit wakes the finer powers,  
 " Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom."

Oblivious ages pass'd ; while earth, forsook 30  
 By her best Genu, lay to demons foul,  
 And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey.  
 Contention led the van ; first small of size,  
 But soon dilating to the skies the towers :  
 Then, wide as air, the livid Fury spread, 35  
 And high her head above the stormy clouds,  
 She blaz'd in omens, swell'd the groaning winds  
 With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war :  
 From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,  
 And pour'd her venom through the heart of man. 40  
 Shook to the pole, the north obey'd her call.  
 Forth rush'd the bloody Power of Gothic War,  
 War against human kind : Rapine, that led  
 Millions of raging robbers in his train :  
 Unlistening, barbarous Force, to whom the sword 45  
 Is reason, honour, law : the Foe of Arts  
 By monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,  
 That clam'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with these  
 Another species of tyrannic rule,  
 Unknown before, whose cancrous shackles seiz'd 50  
 Th' envenom'd soul ; a wilder Fury, She  
 Ev'n o'er her Elder Sister tyranniz'd ;

Or,

Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her rage.  
Dire was her train, and loud : the Sable Band,  
Thundering,—“ Submit, ye laity ! ye prophane ! 55  
“ Earth is the Lord's, and therefore Ours ; let kings  
“ Allow the common claim, and half be theirs ;  
“ If not, behold ! the sacred lightning flies :”  
Scholastic Discord, with an hundred tongues,  
For science uttering jangling words obscure, 60  
Where frighted reason never yet could dwell :  
Of peremptory feature, Cleric Pride.  
Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears ;  
And Holy Slander, his associate firm,  
On whom the *lying spirit* still descends : 65  
Mother of tortures ! Persecuting Zeal,  
High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,  
Or poniard bath'd in unbelieving blood ;  
Hell's fiercest fiend ! of faintly brow demure,  
Assuming a celestial seraph's name, 70  
While she beneath the blasphemous pretence  
Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the *source of love* !  
Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,  
Than all the rest combin'd. Led on by her,  
And wild of head to work her fell designs, 75  
Came idiot Superstition ; round with ears  
Innumerable strow'd, ten thousand monkish forms  
With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant  
To charm or scare the simple into slaves,  
And poison reason ; gross, she swallows all,  
The most absurd believing ever most.  
Broad o'er the whole her universal night,

The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffus'd.

Nought to be seen, but visionary monks  
To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds; 85  
Banditti saints, disturbing distant lands;  
And unknown nations, wandering for a home.

All lay revers'd : the sacred arts of rule  
Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,  
And arts of plunder more and more avow'd; 90  
Pure plain devotion to a solemn farce ;

To holy dotage virtue, ev'n to guile,  
To murder, and a mockery of oaths ;  
Brave ancient freedom to the rage of slaves,  
Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains ; 95  
Dishonour'd courage to the bravo's trade,  
To civil broil ; and glory to romance.

Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,  
And giddy reason totter'd on her throne.

At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme, 100  
Disclosing, bade new brightening æras smile.  
The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,  
And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread  
A sounding pinion. Eager pity, mixt  
With indignation, urg'd her downward flight. 105  
On Latium first we sloop'd, for doubtful life  
That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.

Ah, poor Italia ! what a bitter cup  
Of vengeance hast thou drain'd ! Goths, Vandals, Huns,  
Lombards, barbarians broke from every land, 110  
How many a Russian form hast thou beheld !  
What horrid jaegers heard, where rage alone

Was

Was all thy frighted ear could comprehend !  
How frequent by the red inhuman hand, 114  
Yet warm with brother's, husband's, father's blood,  
Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen  
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death !  
What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,  
Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds ;  
And succourless, and bare, the poor remains 120  
Of wretches forth to nature's common cast !  
Added to these, the still continued waste  
Of inbred foes, that on thy vitals prey,  
And, double tyrants, seize the very soul.  
Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all ? 125  
These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,  
Heap'd sack on sack, and bury'd in their rage  
Wonders of art ; whence this grey scene a mine  
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,  
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow. 130  
Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent  
From ancient models to restore their arts,  
Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.  
Amid the hoary ruins sculpture first,  
Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp, 135  
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race  
Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,  
And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,  
As she the pleasing resurrection saw.  
In leaning site, respiring from his toils, 140  
The well-known hero, who deliver'd Greece,  
His ample chest, all tempest'd with force,

Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,  
 Bitching the hero, small, of Grecian size,  
 Scarce more extensive than the finewy neck ; 145  
 The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad ;  
 The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd  
 Into harmonious shape ; she saw, and joy'd.  
 The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd 149  
 His beauteous front, and through the finish'd whole  
 Shows what ideas smil'd of old in Greece.  
 Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth  
 The Gladiator. Pitiless his look,  
 And each keen sinew brac'd, the storm of war,  
 Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns. 155  
 The Dying Other from the gloom she drew.  
 Supported on his shorten'd arm he leans,  
 Pronc agonizing ; with incumbent fate,  
 Heavy declines his head ; yet dark beneath  
 The suffering feature fullen vengeance lowers, 160  
 Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,  
 And still the cheated eye expects his fall.  
 All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python, came  
 The Quiver'd God. In graceful act he stands,  
 His arm extended with the slacken'd bow. 165  
 Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays  
 A manly-soften'd form. The bloom of gods  
 Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave.  
 His features yet heroic ardour warms ;  
 And sweet subsiding to a native smile, 170  
 Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,  
 A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.



On Flora mov'd ; her full-proportion'd limbs  
Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.  
The Queen of Love arose, as from the deep 175  
She sprung-in all the melting pomp of charms.  
Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside  
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix  
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense  
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love. 180  
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,  
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.  
So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,  
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.  
At last her utmost master-piece she found, 185  
That Maro sh'd ; the miserable fire,  
Wrapt with his sons in fate's severest grasp.  
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds  
Inextricable tie. Such passion here,  
Such agonies, such bitterness of pain, 190  
Seem so to tremble through the tortur'd stone,  
That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.  
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass,  
That ever Greece beheld ; and, seen alone,  
On the rapt eye th' imperious passions seize : 195  
The father's double pangs, both for himself  
And sons convuls'd ; to heaven his rueful look,  
Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast ;  
His fell despair with indignation mixt.  
As the strong-curling monsters from his side 200  
His full-extended fury cannot tear.  
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons

All the soft rage of younger passions show.  
 In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd ;  
 While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries      205  
 His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

She bore no more, but strait from Gothic rust  
 Her chisel clear'd, and dust and fragments drove  
 Impetuous round. Successive as it went,  
 From son to son, with more enlivening touch,      210  
 From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form ;  
 Till, in a legislator's awful grace  
 Dress'd, Buonaroti bid a Moses rise,  
 And, looking love immense, a Saviour-God.

Of these observant, Painting felt the fire      215  
 Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffus'd  
 The canvas, seiz'd the pallet, with quick hand  
 The colours brew'd ; and on the void expanse  
 Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.  
 Poor was the manner of her eldest race,      220  
 Barren, and dry ; just struggling from the taste,  
 That had for ages scar'd in cloysters dim  
 The superstitious herd : yet glorious then  
 Were deem'd their works ; where undevelop'd lay  
 The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,      225  
 And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast,  
 Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this  
 To each his portion of her various gifts  
 The Goddess dealt, to none indulging all ;  
 No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still      230  
 Perfection stands, like happiness, to tempt  
 Th' eternal chase. In elegant design

Improving

Improving nature ; in ideas fair,  
Or great, extracted from the fine antique ;  
In attitude, expression, airs divine ; 255  
Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.

To those of Venice she the magic art  
Of colours melting into colours gave.  
Theirs too it was by one embracing mass  
Of light and shade that settles round the whole, 240  
Or varies tremulous from part to part,  
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,  
To raise the picture, and repose the sight.  
The Lombard school succeeding, mingled both.

Meantime dread fanes, and palaces, around, 245  
Rear'd the magnificent front. Music again  
Her universal language of the heart  
Renew'd ; and, rising from the plaintive vale,  
To the full concert spread, and solemn quire.

Ev'n bigots smil'd ; to their protection took 250  
Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp :  
For in a tyrant's garden these a while  
May bloom, though freedom be their parent soil.

And now confess, with gently-growing gleam, 254  
The morning shone, and westward stream'd its light.  
The Muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing  
Is the gay bird of dawn. Artless her voice.  
Untaught and wild, yet warbling through the woods  
Romantic lays. But as her northern course  
She, with her tutor Science, in My train, 260  
Ardent pursu'd, her strains more noble grew :  
While reason drew the plan, the heart inform'd

The moral page, and fancy lent it grace.

Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,  
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn. 265

On Arno's fertile plain, where the rich vine  
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,  
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliss,  
I small republics rais'd. Thrice happy they !  
Had social freedom bound their peace, and arts, 270  
Instead of ruling power, ne'er meant for them,  
Employ'd their little cares, and sav'd their fate.

Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll  
Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,  
My path too I with public blessings strow'd ; 275  
Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,  
In spite of culture negligent and gross,  
From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,  
And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.

The barren rocks themselves beneath My Foot 280  
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian shore.  
Thick-swarming people there, like emmets, seiz'd  
Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots,  
Which nature left in her destroying rage,  
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands. 285  
There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill,  
Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,  
By Me proud Genoa's marble turrets rose.  
And while My genuine spirit warm'd her sons,  
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she 290  
Vy'd for the trident of the narrow seas,  
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.

Nor

Nor be the then triumphant state forgot ;  
Where, push'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant still,  
Inspir'd by Me, through the dark ages kept 295  
Of My old Roman flame some sparks alive :  
The seeming god-built city ! which My hand  
Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas.  
Astonish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,  
Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd, 300  
And down the briny street ; where on each hand,  
Amazing seen amid unstable waves,  
The splendid palace shines ; and rising tides,  
The green steps marking, murmur at the door.  
To this fair queen of Adria's stormy gulf, 305  
The mart of nations ! long, obedient seas  
Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East ;  
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse  
(Whose shar'd oppression lightens, as diffus'd)  
Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose. 310  
The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,  
They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,  
Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains :  
The softer shackles of luxurious ease  
They likewise added, to secure their sway. 315  
Thus Venice fainter shines ; and commerce thus,  
Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.  
Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took  
A larger circle ; found another seat,  
Opening a thousand ports, and, charm'd with toil, 320  
Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.

The mountains then, clad with eternal snow,

Confess'd

Confess'd My power. Deep as the rampant rocks,  
 By nature thrown insuperable round,  
 I planted there a league of friendly states, 325  
 And bade plain freedom their ambition be.  
 There in the vale, where rural plenty fills,  
 From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,  
 Chief, where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,  
 Rare to be seen ! unguilty cities rise, 330  
 Cities of brothers form'd : while equal life,  
 Accorded gracious with revolving power,  
 Maintains them free ; and, in their happy fleets,  
 Nor cruel deed nor misery is known.  
 For valour, faith, and innocence of life, 335  
 Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,  
 Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,  
 And press their culture on retiring snows ;  
 But, to firm order train'd and patient war,  
 They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss 340  
 Of mercenary force, how to defend  
 The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,  
 And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.

Ev'n, cheer'd by Me, their shaggy mountains charm,  
 More than or Gallic or Italian plains ; 345  
 And sickening fancy oft, when absent long,  
 Pines to behold their Alpine views again :  
 The hollow-winding stream : the vale, fair spread,  
 Amid an amphitheatre of hills ; 349  
 Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest springs :  
 From sleep to sleep ascending, the gay train  
 Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes :

The fitting cloud, against the summit dash'd ;  
And, by the sun illumin'd, pouring bright  
A gemmy shower : hung o'er amazing rocks, 355  
The mountain ash, and solemn-founding pine :  
The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes tost,  
Down to the clear ethereal lake below :  
And, high o'er-topping all the broken scene,  
The mountain fading into sky ; where shines 360  
On winter winter shivering, and whose top  
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

From these descending, as I wav'd My course  
O'er vail Germania, the ferocious nurse  
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death, 365  
I gave some favour'd cities there to lift  
A nobler brow, and through their swarming streets,  
More busy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,  
In each contented face to look my soul.

Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm,  
To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound ;  
There, I the manly race, the parent-hive  
Of the mix'd kingdoms, form'd into a state  
More regularly free. By keener air  
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by frost, 375  
Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those  
Whose only terror was a bloodless death,  
They wise, and dauntless, still sustain my cause.  
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the south,  
The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay. 380

Here, with the shifted vision, burst my joy.  
" O the dear prospect ! O majestic view !

" See Britain's empire ! lo ! the watery vault  
 " Wide-waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.  
 " And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,  
 " Emerging white from deeps of æther, dawn  
 " My kindred cliffs ; whence, wafted in the gale,  
 " Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.  
 " Goddess, forgive !—My heart, surpris'd, o'erflows  
 " With filial fondness for the land you bless." 390  
 As parents to a child complacent deign  
 Approvance, the Celestial Brightness smil'd ;  
 Then thus : As o'er the wave-resounding deep,  
 To my near reign, the happy isle, I steer'd  
 With easy wing ; behold ! from surge to surge, 395  
 Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep.  
 Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung ;  
 Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head ;  
 And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,  
 Or from it stream'd compress'd the gloomy cloud. 400  
 Where-e'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.  
 He needs but strike the conscious flood, and shook  
 From shore to shore, in agitation dire,  
 It works his dreadful will. To Me his voice  
 (Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls,  
 Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)  
 Address'd, began—By fate commission'd, go,  
 " My Sister-Goddess now, to yon blest isle,  
 " Henceforth the partner of my rough domain,  
 " All my dread walks to Britons open lie. 410  
 " Those that refulgent, or with rosy morn,  
 " Or yellow evening, flame ; those that, profuse  
 " Drunk



“ Drunk by equator-suns, severely shine ;  
“ Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise  
“ In billows rolling into Alps of ice. 415  
“ Ev’n yet untouch’d by daring keel, be theirs  
“ The vast Pacific ; that on other worlds,  
“ Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.  
“ Long I maintain’d inviolate my reign ;  
“ Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæsars brav’d. 420  
“ Still, in the crook of shore, the coward fail  
“ Till now low-crept ; and peddling commerce ply’d  
“ Between near-joining lands. For Britons, chief,  
“ It was reserv’d, with star-directed prow,  
“ To dare the middle-deep, and drive assur’d 425  
“ To distant nations through the pathless main,  
“ Chief, for their fearless hearts the glory waits,  
“ Long months from land, while the black stormy night  
“ Around them rages, on the groaning mast  
“ With unhook knee to know their giddy way ; 430  
“ To sing, unquell’d, amid the lashing wave ;  
“ To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,  
“ By deep invention’s keen pervading eye,  
“ The heart of courage, and the hand of toil,  
“ Each conquer’d ocean staining with their blood, 435  
“ Instead of treasure robb’d by ruffian war,  
“ Round social earth to circle fair exchange,  
“ And bind the nations in a golden chain.  
“ To these I honour’d stoop. Rushing to light,  
“ A race of men behold ! whose daring deeds 440  
“ Will in renown exalt my nameless plains  
“ O’er those of fabled earth, as her’s to mine

" In terror yield. Nay, could my savage heart  
 " Such glories check, their unsubmitting soul  
 " Would all my fury brave, my tempest climb, 445  
 " And might in spite of me my kingdom force."

Here, waiting no reply, the shadowy power  
 Eas'd the dark sky, and to the deeps return'd :  
 While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,  
 Auspicious, shook opponent Gallia's shore. 450

Of this encounter glad, My way to land  
 I quick pursued, that from the smiling sea  
 Receiv'd Me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard ;  
 And music, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd  
 With pleas'd astonishment the labouring hind, 455  
 Who for a while th' unfinish'd furrow left,  
 And let the listening steer forget his toil.  
 Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breath'd,  
 And her aerial train, these sounds of joy,  
 Full of old time, since first the rushing flood, 460  
 Urg'd by almighty power, this favour'd isle  
 Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,  
 Indented shore to shore responsive still,  
 Its guardian She—The Goddess, whose staid eye  
 Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn. 465  
 Her tresses, like a flood of soften'd light,  
 Through clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.  
 Warm on her cheek sits beauty's brightest rose.  
 Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace  
 With every motion. Full her rising chest ; 470  
 And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,  
 Charm'd sculpture taking might improve her art.

Such

Such the fair guardian of an isle that boasts,  
 Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.  
 High-shining on the promontory's brow, 475  
 Awaiting Me, she stood ; with hope inflam'd,  
 By my mixt spirit burning in her sons,  
 To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.

The Native Genii, round her, radiant smil'd.  
 Courage, of soft deportment, aspect calm, 480  
 Unboasting, suffering long, and, till provok'd,  
 As mild and harmless as the sporting child ;  
 But, on just reason, once his fury rous'd,  
 No lion springs more eager to his prey :  
 Blood is a pastime ; and his heart, elate, 485  
 Knows no depressing fear. That Virtue known  
 By the relenting look, whose equal heart  
 For others feels, as for another self :  
 Of various name, as various objects wake,  
 Warm into action, the kind sense within : 490  
 Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,  
 The lost to reason, the declin'd in life,  
 The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,  
 And the grey second infancy of age,  
 She gives in public families to live, 495  
 A sight to gladden Heaven ! whether she stands  
 Fair beckoning at the hospitable gate,  
 And bids the stranger take repose and joy :  
 Whether, to solace honest labour, she  
 Rejoices those that make the land rejoice ; 500  
 Or whether to philosophy, and arts,  
 (At once the basis and the finish'd pride

Of government and life) she spreads her hand ;  
 Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,  
 Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all. 505  
 Justice to these her awful presence join'd,  
 The mother of the state ! No low revenge,  
 No turbid passions in her breast ferment :  
 Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,  
 As the last woe that can afflict mankind. 510  
 She punishment awards, yet of the good  
 More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,  
 Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,  
 That, in his judging peers, each on himself  
 Pronounces his own doom. O, happy land ! 515  
 Where reigns alone this justice of the free !  
 'Mid the bright groupe Sincerity his front,  
 Diffusive, rear'd ; his pure untroubled eye  
 The fount of truth. The Thoughtful Power, apart,  
 Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard, 520  
 Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.  
 The Genius He whence Britain shines supreme,  
 The land of light, and rectitude of mind.  
 He too the fire of fancy feeds intense,  
 With all the train of passions thence deriv'd : 525  
 Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,  
 But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.  
 Near him Retirement, pointing to the shade,  
 And Independence stood. the generous pair,  
 That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove, 530  
 And the still raptures of the free-born soul  
 To cates prefer by virtue bought, not earn'd,

Proudly

Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,  
 And to the heart-embitter'd joys of slaves.  
 Or should the latter, to the public scene 535  
 Demanded, quit his sylvan friend a while ;  
 Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce  
 His zeal, still active for the common-weal ;  
 Nor stormy tyrants, nor corruption's tools,  
 Foul ministers, dark-working by the force 540  
 Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,  
 Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,  
 He greatly scorns ; and, if he must betray  
 His plunder'd country, or his power resign,  
 A moment's parley were eternal shame : 545  
 Illustrious into private life again,  
 From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,  
 And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,  
 Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.  
 Aloof the Bashful Virtue hover'd coy, 550  
 Proving by sweet distrust distrust'd worth.  
 Rough Labour clos'd the train : and in his hand  
 Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,  
 Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,  
 And more than seems, by lawful pride assail'd ; 555  
 Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there  
 No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall ;  
 Ev'n in the very luxury of rage,  
 He softening can forgive a gallant foe ;  
 The nerve, support, and glory of the land ! 560  
 Nor be Religion, rational and free,  
 Here pass'd in silence ; whose enraptur'd eye

Sees heaven with earth connected, human things  
 Link'd to divine : who not from servile fear,  
 By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit, 565  
 The God of Love adores, but from a heart  
 Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe  
 That now astonish'd swells, now in a calm  
 Of fearless confidence that smiles serene ;  
 That lives devotion, one continual hymn, 570  
 And then most grateful, when Heaven's bounty most  
 Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful power  
 O'er the rais'd circle ray'd superior day.

I joy'd to join the Virtues whence my reign  
 O'er Albion was to rise. Each chearing each, 575  
 And, like the circling planets from the sun,  
 All borrowing beams from Me, a heighten'd zeal  
 Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,  
 Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time  
 Pass'd not in mutual hails : but, through the land 580  
 Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.

The Virtues conquer with a single look.  
 Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,  
 Live in their presence, stream in every glance,  
 That the soul won, enamour'd, and refin'd, 585  
 Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.  
 Hence the foul Demons, that oppose our reign,  
 Would still from us deluded mortals wrap ;  
 Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray,  
 Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix 590  
 Falsehood and truth confounded, foil the sense  
 With vain refracted images of bliss,

But

But chief around the court of flatter'd kings  
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall  
Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade 595  
Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den  
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene,  
That vex the swain, and waste the country round,  
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud.  
Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray. 600  
As, at the sacred opening of the morn,  
The prowling race retire; so, pierc'd severe,  
Before our potent blaze these Demons fly,  
And all their works dissolve.—The whisper'd tale,  
That, like the fabled Nile, no fountain knows. 605  
Fair-fac'd Deceit, whose wily conscious eye  
Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust,  
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting:  
Smooth crocodile destruction, whose fell tears  
Ensnare: The Janus face of courtly pride; 610  
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,  
On hapless worth the other souls disdain.  
Cheeks that for some weak tenderness, alone,  
Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush. The laugh  
Prephane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart, 615  
At starving virtue, and at virtue's fools.  
Determin'd to be broke, the plighted faith:  
Nay more, the godless oath, that knows no ties.  
Soft-buzzing slander; silky moths, that eat  
An honest name. The harpy hand, and maw, 620  
Of avaricious Luxury; who makes  
The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,

And,

And, by his service, who betrays his king.

Now turn your view, and mark from Celtic night  
To present grandeur how my Britain rose. 625

Bold were those Britons, who, the careless sons  
Of nature, roam'd the forest-bounds, at once  
Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,  
And the gay circle of their wood-land wars :  
For by the Druid taught, that death but shifts 630  
The vital scene, they that prime fear despis'd ;  
And, prone to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare  
An ill-fav'd life that must again return.

Erect from nature's hand, by tyrant force,  
And still more tyrant custom, unsubdued, 635

Man knows no master save creating Heaven,  
Or such as choice and common good ordain.  
This general sense, with which the nations I  
Promiscuous fire, in Britons burn'd intense,  
Of future times prophetic. Witness, Rome, 640

Who saw'st thy Cæsar, from the naked land,  
Whose only fort was British hearts, repel'd,  
To seek Pharfalian wreaths. Witness, the toil,  
The blood of ages, bootless to secure,  
Beneath an empire's yoke, a stubborn isle, 645  
Disputed hard, and never quite subdued.

The north remain'd untouch'd, where those who scorn'd  
To stoop, retir'd ; and, to their keen effort  
Yielding at last, recoi'd the Roman power,  
In vain, unable to sustain the shock, 650  
From sea to sea desponding legions rais'd

The wall immense, and yet, on summer's eve,

While



While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze,  
Continual o'er it burst the northern storm,  
As often, check'd, receded ; threatening hoarse 655  
A swift return. But the devouring flood  
No more endur'd control, when, to support  
The last remains of empire, was recall'd  
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay  
Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk. 660  
Great proof ! how men enfeeble into slaves.  
The sword behind him flash'd ; before him roar'd,  
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around  
He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,  
As when Caractacus to battle led 665  
Silurian swains, and Boadicea taught  
Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.

Then (sad relief !) from the bleak coast, that hears  
The German ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,  
And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd Saxon came. 670  
He came implor'd, but came with other aim  
Than to protect. For conquest and defence  
Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race  
Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream ;  
Blood, where unquell'd a mighty spirit glow'd. 675  
Rash war, and perilous battle, their delight ;  
And immature, and red with glorious wounds  
Unpeaceful death their choice ; deriving thence  
A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls  
In Odin's hall ; whose blazing roof resounds 680  
The genial uproar of those shades, who fall  
In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt ;

And

And though more polish'd times the martial creed  
Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.

Nor were the furl'd gifts of war their all. 685

Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,

The calm gradations of art-nursing peace,

And matchless orders, the deep basis still

On which ascends my British Reign. Untam'd

To the refining subtleties of slaves, 690

They brought an happy government along ;

Form'd by that freedom, which, with secret voice,

Impartial nature teaches all her sons,

And which of old through the whole Scythian mass

I strong inspir'd. Monarchical their state, 695

But prudently confid'd, and mingled wise

Of each harmonious power : only, too much

Imperious war into their rule infus'd,

Prevail'd their general-king, and chieftain-thanes.

In many a field, by civil fury stain'd, 700

Bled the discordant heptarchy ; and long

(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd ;

Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw

Egbert and Peace on one united throne.

No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing calm 705

Of brighter days, when, lo ! the north anew,

With stormy nations black, on England pour'd

Woes the severest e'er a people felt.

The Danish Raven, lur'd by annual prey,

Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet 710

Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore

The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,

Far seen, the demon of devouring flame ;  
Rapine, and murder, all with blood besmear'd,  
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart ; 715  
While close behind them march'd the fallow power  
Of desolating famine, who delights  
In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields ;  
And purple-spotted pestilence, by whom  
Ev'n friendship scar'd, in sickening horror sinks 720  
Each social sense and tenderness of life.

Fixing at last, the sanguinary race  
Spread, from the Humber's loud-resounding shore,  
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,  
And with superior arm the Saxon aw'd. 725  
But superstition first, and monkish dreams,  
And monk-directed cloyster-seeking kings,  
Had ate away his vigour, ate away  
His edge of courage, and depress'd the soul  
Of conquering freedom, which he once respir'd. 730  
Thus cruel ages pass'd ; and rare appear'd  
White-mantled peace, exulting o'er the vale,  
As when, with Alfred, from the wilds she came  
To polic'd cities and protected plains  
Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk, 735  
Then set entire in Hastings bloody field.

Compendious war ! (on Britain's glory bent,  
So fate ordain'd) in that decisive day,  
The haughty Norman seiz'd at once an isle,  
For which, through many a century, in vain, 740  
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.  
Of Gothic nations this the final burst ;

And,

And, mix'd the genius of these people all,  
 These virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,  
 Here the rich tide of English blood grew full. 745

Awhile my spirit slept ; the land a while,  
 Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.  
 Instead of Edward's equal gentle laws,  
 The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.  
 All prostrate lay ; and, in the secret shade, 750  
 Deep-stung, but fearful, Indignation gnash'd  
 His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoil'd,  
 And of their bulwark, arms ; with castles crush'd,  
 With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land ;  
 The shivering wretches, at the curfew sound, 755  
 Dejected shrunk into their fordid beds,

And, through the mournful gloom, of ancient times  
 Mus'd sad, or dreamt of better. Ev'n to feed  
 A tyrant's idle sport the peasant starv'd :  
 To the wild herd, the pasture of the tame, 760  
 The chearful hamlet, spiry town, was given,  
 And the brown forest roughen'd wide around.

But this so dead, so vile submission, long  
 Endur'd not. Gathering force, My gradual flame  
 Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway. 765  
 Unus'd to bend, impatient of control,  
 Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.  
 The church, by kings intractable and fierce,  
 Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd state,  
 Or tempted, by the timorous and weak, 770  
 To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law,  
 The barons next a nobler league began,

Both those of English and of Norman race,  
 In one fraternal nation blended now,  
 The nation of the free ! prefs'd by a band 775  
 Of patriots, ardent as the summer's noon  
 That looks delighted on, the tyrant see !  
 Mark ! how with feign'd alacrity he bears  
 His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,  
 And gives the Charter, by which life indeed 780  
 Becomes of price, a glory to be man.

Through this and through succeeding reigns affirm'd  
 These long contested rights, the wholesome winds  
 Of opposition hence began to blow,  
 And often since have lent the country life. 785  
 Before their breath corruption's insect-blights,  
 The darkening clouds of evil counsel, fly ;  
 Or, should they founding swell, a putrid court,  
 A pestilential ministry, they purge,  
 And ventilated states renew their bloom. 790

Though with the temper'd monarchy here mix'd  
 Aristocratic sway, the people still,  
 Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,  
 No full perfection knew. For Me reserv'd,  
 And for my commons, was that glorious turn. 795  
 They crown'd my first attempt, in senates rose,  
 The sort of freedom ! slow till then, alone,  
 Had work'd that general liberty, that soul,  
 Which generous nature breathes, and which, when left  
 By Me to bondage was corrupted Rome, 800  
 I through the northern nations wide diffus'd.  
 Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rush'd

From

From the rude iron regions of the north,  
 To Libyan deserts swarm protruding swarm,  
 And pour'd new spirit through a slavish world. 805  
 Yet, o'er these Gothic states, the king and chiefs  
 Retain'd the high prerogative of war,  
 And with enormous property engross'd  
 The mingled power. But on Britannia's shore  
 Now present, I to raise My reign began 810  
 By raising the democracy, the third  
 And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.  
 Then was the full, the perfect plan disclos'd  
 Of Britain's matchless constitution, mixt  
 Of mutual checking and supporting powers, 815  
 King, Lords, and Commons ; nor the name of free  
 Deserving, while the vassal-many droop'd :  
 For since the moment of the whole they form,  
 So, as depress'd or rais'd, the balance they  
 Of public welfare and of glory cast. 820  
 Mark from this period the continual proof.

When kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,  
 Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves ;  
 Proudly regardless of their people's plaints,  
 And poorly passive of insulting toes ; 825  
 Double, not prudent, obstinate, not firm,  
 Their mercy fear, necessity their faith ;  
 Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,  
 Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform ;  
 Tyrants at once and slaves, imperious, mean, 830  
 To want rapacious joining shameful waste ;  
 By counsels weak and wicked, easy rous'd

To

To paltry schemes of absolute command,  
To seek their splendor in their sure disgrace,  
And in a broken ruin'd people wealth : 835  
When such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,  
No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,  
Combin'd the loose disjointed public, lost  
To fame abroad, to happiness at home.

But when an Edward and an Henry breath'd 840  
Through the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul :  
Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,  
When wide-attracted merit round them glow'd :  
When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,  
Amid the maze of state, determin'd kept 845  
Some ruling point in view : when, on the stock  
Of public good and glory grafted, spread  
Their palms, their laurels ; or, if thence they stray'd,  
Swift to return, and patient of restraint :  
When regal state, pre-eminence of place, 850  
They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,  
To be luxurious drones, that only rob  
The busy hive : as in distinction, power,  
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first ;  
When they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil, 855  
Superior rank ; with equal hand, prepar'd  
To guard the subject, and to quell the foe :  
. When such with Me their vital influence shed,  
No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard ;  
No foul distrust through wary senates ran, 860  
Confin'd their bounty, and their ardour quench'd :  
On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given :

Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,  
 Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd ;  
 And Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt proclaim 865  
 What kings supported by almighty love,  
 And people fir'd with liberty, can do.

Be veil'd the savage reigns, when kindred rage  
 The numerous once Plantagenets devour'd,  
 A race to vengeance vow'd ! and when, oppress'd 870  
 By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay  
 My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold !  
 A cautious tyrant lend it oil anew.

Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,  
 As how to fix his throne he jealous cast 875  
 His crafty views around ; pierc'd with a ray,  
 Which on his timid mind I darted full,  
 He mark'd the barons of excessive sway,  
 At pleasure making and unmaking kings ;  
 And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd 880  
 A law, that let them, by the silent waste  
 Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,  
 And with that wealth their implicated power.  
 By soft degrees a mighty change ensued,  
 Ev'n working to this day. With streams, deduc'd 885  
 From these diminish'd floods, the country smil'd.  
 As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,  
 To vernal fens relenting, pours the Rhine ;  
 While undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,  
 He foams along ; but, through Batavian meads, 890  
 Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows ;  
 Waters a thousand fields ; and culture, trade,

Towns,



Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,  
A rich, a wondrous landskip rises round.

His furious son the foul-enslaving chain, 89,  
Which many a doating venerable age  
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,  
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power ;  
From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void  
Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds, 900  
To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind ;  
And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea  
Of blood, and horror. The returning light,  
That first through Wickliff streak'd the priestly gloom,  
Now burst in open day. Bar'd to the blaze, 905  
Forth from the haunts of superstition crawl'd  
Her motly sons, fantastic figures all ;  
And, wide-dispers'd, their useless fetid wealth  
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.  
Trade, join'd to these, on every sea display'd 910  
A daring canvass, pour'd with every tide  
A golden flood. From other worlds were roll'd  
The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,  
By the plain Indian happily despis'd,  
Yet work'd his woe ; and to the blissful groves, 915  
Where nature liv'd herself among her sons,  
And innocence and joy for ever dwelt,  
Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before,  
The worst the zeal-inflam'd barbarian drew.  
Be no such horrid commerce, Britain, thine ! 920  
But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.

The commons thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,

Against the barons weigh'd. Eliza then,  
 Amid these doubtful motions, steady, gave  
 The beam to fix. She ! like the Secret Eye 925  
 That never closes on a guarded world,  
 So fought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the public good,  
 That self-supported, without one ally,  
 She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.  
 Inspir'd by Me, beneath her sheltering arm, 930  
 In spite of raging *universal sway*,  
 And raging seas repres'd, the Belgic states,  
 My bulwark on the continent, arose.  
 Matchless in all the spirit of her days !  
 With confidence, unbounded, fearless love 935  
 Elate, her fervent people waited gay,  
 Cheerful demanded the long threaten'd fleet,  
 And dash'd the pride of Spain around their isle.  
 Nor ceas'd the British thunder here to rage :  
 The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call ; 940  
 In fire and smoke Iberian ports involv'd,  
 The trembling foe ev'n to the centre shook  
 Of their new-conquer'd world, and skulking stole  
 By veering winds their Indian treasure home.  
 Meantime, peace, plenty, justice, science, arts, 945  
 With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.  
 As yet uncircumscrib'd the regal power,  
 And wild and vague Prerogative remain'd,  
 A wide voracious gulf, where swallow'd oft  
 The helpless subject lay. This to reduce 950  
 To the just limit was My great effort.

By means, that evil seem to narrow man,

Superior

Superior beings work their mystic will ;  
From storm and trouble thus a settled calm,  
At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia smil'd. 955

The gathering tempest, Heaven-commission'd, came,  
Came in the prince, who, drunk with flattery, dreamt  
His vain pacific counsels rul'd the world ;  
Though scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze  
Of fruitless treaties ; while at home enslav'd, 960  
And by a worthless crew insatiate diam'd,  
He lost his people's confidence and love :

Irreparable loss ! whence crowns become  
An anxious burden. Years inglorious pass'd :  
Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd : 965  
Abandon'd Frederick pin'd, and Raleigh bled.

But nothing that to these internal broils,  
That rancour, he began ; while lawless sway  
He, with his slavish doctors, try'd to rear  
On metaphysic, on enchanted ground, 970

And all the mazy quibbles of the schools :  
As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,  
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.  
Vain the pretence ! not so the dire effect,  
The fierce, the foolish discord thence deriv'd, 975  
That tears the country still, by party-rage  
And ministerial clamour kept alive.

In action weak, and for the wordy war  
Best fitted, faint this prince pursued his claim :  
Content to teach the subject-herd, how great, 980  
How sacred he ! how despicable they !

But his unyielding son these doctrines drank,

With all a bigot's rage (who never damps  
 By reasoning his fire) ; and what they taught  
 Warm, and tenacious, into practice push'd. 985  
 Senates, in vain, their kind restraint apply'd :  
 The more they struggled to support the laws,  
 His justice-dreading ministers the more  
 Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the check  
 Of faithful love, and with the flattery pleas'd 990  
 Of false designing guilt, the fountain he  
 Of public wisdom and of justice shut.  
 Wide mourn'd the land. Strait to the voted aid  
 Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,  
 Th' illegal imposition follow'd harsh, 995  
 With execration given, or ruthless squeez'd  
 From an insulted people, by a band  
 Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.  
 Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad  
 Her unrelenting train : informers, spies, 1000  
 Blood-hounds, that sturdy freedom to the grove  
 Pursue ; projectors of aggrieving schemes,  
 Commerce to load for unprotected seas,  
 To sell the starving many to the few,  
 And drain a thousand ways th' exhausted land. 1005  
 Ev'n from that healing place, whence peace should flow,  
 And gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed  
 Their poison round ; and on the venal bench,  
 Instead of justice, party held the scale,  
 And violence the sword. Afflicted years, 1010  
 Too patient, felt at last their vengeance full.  
 Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear

And

And mingled rage, My Hambden rais'd his voice,  
And to the laws appeal'd; the laws no more  
In judgment sat, behov'd some other ear. 1015  
When instant from the keen resentive north,  
By long oppression by religion rous'd,  
The guardian army came. Beneath its wing  
Was call'd, though meant to furnish hostile aid,  
The more than Roman senate. There a flame 1020  
Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the land.  
In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,  
Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,  
While, full of Me, each agitated soul  
Strung every nerve and flam'd in every eye, 1025  
Had e'er beheld such light and heat combin'd!  
Such heads and hearts! such dreadful zeal, led on  
By calm majestic wisdom, taught its course  
What nuisance to devour; such wisdom fir'd  
With unabating zeal, and aim'd sincere 1030  
To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,  
And for the future to secure their sway.

This then the purpose of my mildest sons,  
But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd  
(Chief, should the breath of factious fury blow, 1035  
With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swell'd)  
Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,  
From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix  
In heighten'd blaze; and, ever wise and just,  
High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm, 1040  
Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapt,  
And by confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,

King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the ground,  
 Successive, rush'd—Lo ! from their ashes rose,  
 Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phoenix-State. 1045

The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke  
 Of private life, lay by those flames dissolv'd ;  
 And, from the wasteful, the luxurious king,  
 Was purchas'd that which taught the young to bend.  
 Stronger rellor'd, the commons tax'd the whole, 1050  
 And built on that eternal rock their power.

The crown, of its hereditary wealth  
 Despoil'd, on senates more dependent grew,  
 And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,  
 And in full vigour spread that bitter root, 1055  
 The passive doctrines, by their patrons first  
 Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.

This wild delusive cant ; the rash cabal  
 Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey ;  
 The bigot, restless in a double chain 1060  
 To bind anew the land ; the constant need  
 Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,  
 And flattering senates, to supply his waste ;  
 These tore some moments from the careless prince,  
 And in his breast awak'd the kindred plan. 1065

By dangerous softness long he min'd his way ;  
 By subtle arts, dissimulation deep ;  
 By sharing what corruption shower'd, profuse ;  
 By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,  
 And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive. 1070

At last subsided the delirious joy,  
 On whose high billow, from the saintly reign

The

The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,  
Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold ;  
The port pernicious fold, the Scylla since, 1075  
And fell Charybdis of the British seas ;  
Freedom attack'd abroad, with surer blow  
To cut it off at home ; the saviour-league  
Of Europe broke ; the progress ev'n advanc'd  
Of universal sway, which to reduce 1080  
Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost ;  
The millions, by a generous people given,  
Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,  
And awe the land with forces not their own,  
Employ'd ; the darling church herself betray'd ; 1085  
All these, broad glaring, op'd the general eye,  
And wak'd my spirit, the resisting soul.

Mild was, at first, and half asham'd, the check  
Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream  
Of absolute submission, tenets vile ! 1090  
Which slaves would blush to own, and which, reduc'd  
To practice, always honest nature shock.  
Not ev'n the mask remov'd, and the fierce front  
Of tyranny disclos'd ; nor trampled laws ;  
Nor seiz'd each badge of freedom through the land ;  
For Sidney bleeding for th' unpublish'd page ;  
Nor on the bench avow'd corruption plac'd,  
And murderous rage itself, in Jefferies' form ;  
Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,  
Cruel, and false, could raise the public arm. . . 1100  
Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs  
Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,

The

The patient publick turns not, till impell'd  
 To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd  
 The bigot king, and hurried fated on 1105  
 His measures immature. But chief his zeal,  
 Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous scar'd  
 The troubled nation : Mary's horrid days  
 To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare  
 Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew. 1110  
 Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd  
 Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage :  
 As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,  
 Awfully still, waiting the high command  
 To spring. Strait from his country Europe sav'd, 1115  
 To save Britannia, lo ! my darling son,  
 Than hero more ! the patriot of mankind !  
 Immortal Nassau came. I hush'd the deep,  
 By demons rous'd, and bade the lifted winds,  
 Still shifting as behov'd, with various breath, 1120  
 Waft the Deliverer to the longing shore.  
 See ! wide alive, the foaming Channel bright  
 With swelling sails, and all the pride of war,  
 Delightful view ! when Justice draws the sword :  
 And, mark ! diffusing ardent soul around, 1125  
 And sweet contempt of death, My streaming flag.  
 Ev'n adverse navies bless'd the binding gale,  
 Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.  
 Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waste of arms  
 His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host 1130  
 For once, in yielding, their best victory found,  
 And by desertion prov'd exalted faith ;

While



While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,  
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine 1135

The surge of wild prerogative, to raise

A mound restraining its imperious rage,

And bid the raving deep no farther flow.

Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state

Better than Belgian plains without their dykes, 1140

Sustaining weighty seas. This, often sav'd

By more than human hand, the publick saw,

And seiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to yield

Destructive power, a wise heroic prince

Ev'n lent his aid—Thrice happy! did they know 1145

Their happiness, Britannia's bounded Kings.

What though not their's the boast, in dungeon glooms,

To plunge bold freedom; or, to cheerless wilds,

To dive him from the cordial face of friend;

Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour, 1150

By mandate blind, not justice, that delights

To dare the keenest eye of open day.

What though no glory to controul the laws,

And make injurious will their only rule,

They deem it! what though, tools of wanton power,

Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call!

What though they give not a relentless crew

Of civil furies, proud oppression's fangs!

To tear at pleasure the dejected land,

With starving labour pampering idle waste. 1160

To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe

The guiltless tear from lone affliction's eye;

To raise hid merit, set th' alluring light  
 Of virtue high to view; to nourish arts,  
 Direct the thunder of an injur'd state, 1165  
 Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,  
 Bless human kind, and through the downward depth  
 Of future times to spread that better sun  
 Which lights up British soul: for deeds like these,  
 The dazzling fair career unbounded lies; 1170  
 While (still superior bliss!) the dark abrupt  
 Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.  
 Oh, luxury divine! O, poor to this,  
 Ye giddy glories of despotic thrones!  
 By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heaven, 1175  
 By boundless good, without the power of ill.  
 And now behold! exalted as the cope  
 That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,  
 And like it free, My Fabrick stands complete,  
 The Palace of the Laws. To the four heavens 1180  
 Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,  
 With kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd  
 Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks  
 Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads  
 The sheltering roof o'er all; while plenty flows, 1185  
 And glad contentment echoes round the whole.  
 Ye floods, descend! ye winds, confirming, blow!  
 Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,  
 Nought but the felon undermining hand  
 Of dark Corruption, can its frame dissolve, 1190  
 And lay the toil of ages in the dust.

## NOTES on PART IV.

Ver. 49. Church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.

Ver. 52. Civil tyranny.

Ver. 86. Crusades.

Ver. 91. The corruption of the church of Rome.

Ver. 94. Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.

Ver. 96. Duelling.

Ver. 123. The hierarchy.

Ver. 141. The Hercules of Farnese.

Ver. 153. The fighting gladiator.

Ver. 156. The dying gladiator.

Ver. 164. The Apollo of Belvidere.

Ver. 175. The Venus of Medici.

Ver. 185. The groupe of Laocoon and his two sons, destroyed by two serpents.

Ver. 186. See *Æneid* ii. ver. 199—227.

Ver. 208. It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, the most celebrated master of modern sculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inspiration, or enthusiastic fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

Ver. 213, 214. Esteemed the two finest pieces of modern sculpture.

Ver. 244. The school of the Caracci.

Ver. 266. The river Arno runs through Florence.

Ver. 269. The republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all peaceably subject to the Great Duke

Duke of Tuscany, except it be Lucca, which still maintains the form of a republic.

Ver. 282. The Genoese territory is reckoned very populous, but the towns and villages for the most part lie hid among the Apennine rocks and mountains.

Ver. 284. According to Dr. Burnet's system of the deluge.

Ver. 293. Venice was the most flourishing city in Europe, with regard to trade, before the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope and America were discovered.

Ver. 294. Those who fled to some marshes in the Adriatic gulf, from the desolation spread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, first founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

Ver. 319. The main ocean.

Ibid. Great Britain.

Ver. 325. The Swiss Cantons.

Ver. 329. Geneva, situated on the Lacus Lemanus, a small state, but noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

Ver. 347. The Swiss, after having been long absent from their native country, are seiz'd with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the Swiss sickness.

Ver. 366. The Hans Towns.

Ver. 372. The Swedes.

Ver. 377. See note on verse 678.

Ver. 624. Great Britain was peopled by the Celtæ, or Gauls.

Ver.

Ver. 630. The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

Ver. 645. The Roman empire.

Ver. 647. Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts; whither a great many Britons, who would not submit to the Romans, retired.

Ver. 652. The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite cross the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway frith.

Ver. 654. Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

Ver. 658. The Roman empire being miserably torped by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

Ver. 662. The Britons applying to Ætius the Roman general for assistance, thus expressed their miserable condition.—“ We know not which way to turn us. “ The barbarians drive us to sea, and the sea forces us “ back to the barbarians; between which we have only “ the choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed up “ by the waves, or butchered by the sword.”

Ver. 665. King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons: they inhabited Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.

Ver. 666. Queen of the Iceni: her story is well known.

Ver. 678. It is certain, that an opinion was fixed  
and

and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for ever grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprises, to the conquest of their neighbours and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in bowls made of the skulls of their enemies they had slain; according to the number of whom, every one in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained.

Sir William Temple's Essay on Heroic Virtue.

Ver. 701. The seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, considered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief, or monarch, and by the means of an assembly general, or Wittenagemot.

Ver. 704. Egbert, king of Wessex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the heptarchy under his dominion, was the first king of England.

Ver. 709. A famous Danish standard was called *reafan*, or *raven*. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the raven wrought upon this standard clapt its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

Ver.

Ver. 733. Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace for his many excellent institutions, particularly that of juries.

Ver. 736. The battle of Hastings, in which Harold II. the last of the Saxon kings, was slain, and William the Conqueror made himself master of England.

Ver. 748. Edward III. the Confessor, who reduced the West-Saxon, Mercian, and Danish laws into one body; which from that time became common to all England, under the name of the Laws of Edward.

Ver. 755. The curfew bell (from the French *courefeu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the English to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a severe fine.

Ver. 762. The New Forest in Hampshire; to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compass was laid waste.

Ver. 775. On the 5th of June, 1215, King John, met by the barons on Runnemede, signed the Great Charter of Liberties, or Magna Charta.

Ver. 784. The league formed by the barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the king.

Ver. 796. The commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the Third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires; and to a parliament called in the year following, each county

was ordered to fend, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgessees. Till then, history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the house of commons to that æra.

Ver. 840. Edward III. and Henry V.

Ver. 865. Three famous battles, gained by the English over the French.

Ver. 868. During the civil wars, betwixt the families of York and Lancaster.

Ver. 873. Henry VII.

Ver. 879. The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called the King-maker.

Ver. 881. Permitting the barons to alienate their lands.

Ver. 895. Henry VIII.

Ibid. Of papal dominion.

Ver. 904. John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.

Ver. 906. Suppression of monasteries.

Ver. 912. The Spanish West-Indies.

Ver. 931. The dominion of the house of Austria.

Ver. 937. The Spanish Armada. Rapin says, that after proper measures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

Ver. 957. James I.

Ver.



Ver. 966. Elector Palatine, and who had been chosen king of Bohemia, but was stript of all his dominions and dignities by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James the First, his father-in-law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

Ver. 970. The monstrous; and till then unheard-of doctrines of divine indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

Ver. 975. The parties of Whig and Tory.

Ver. 982. Charles I.

Ver. 991. Parliaments.

Ver. 1003. Ship-money.

Ver. 1004. Monopolies.

Ver. 1008. The raging High Church sermons of these times, inspiring at once a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and State Puritans.

Ver. 1045. At the restoration.

Ver. 1048. Charles II.

Ver. 1049. Court of Wards.

Ver. 1075. Dunkirk.

Ver. 1077. The war, in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.

Ver. 1078. The triple alliance.

Ver. 1080. Under Lewis XIV.

Ver. 1084. A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

Ver. 1095. The charters of corporations.

Ver. 1105. James II.

Ver. 1119. The Prince of Orange, in his passage

to England, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

Ver. 1122. Rapin, in his History of England.—The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war.—It is not easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.

Ver. 1126. The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their Highnesses' arms surrounded with this motto, The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England; and underneath the motto of the house of Nassau, Je Maintiendrai, I will maintain. RAPIN.

Ver. 1127. The English fleet.

Ver. 1130. The king's army.

Ver. 1143. By the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Succession.

Ver. 1144. William III.

THE  
P R O S P E C T:  
BEING THE FIFTH PART OF  
L I B E R T Y,  
A  
P O E M.

## The CONTENTS of PART V.

The Author addresses the Goddess of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain, as arising from her influence ; to ver. 88. She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there ; to ver. 374. Recommends, as its last ornament and finishing, sciences, fine arts, and public works. The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government ; to ver. 549. The whole concludes with a prospect of future times, given by the Goddess of Liberty : this described by the Author, as it passes in vision before him,

## L I B E R T Y.

## P A R T V.

**H**ERE interposing, as the Goddess paus'd;—  
 “ Oh, blest Britannia ! in thy presence blest,  
 “ Thou guardian of mankind ! whence spring, alone,  
 “ All human grandeur, happiness, and fame :  
 “ For toil, by Thee protected, feels no pain ; 5  
 “ The poor man’s lot with milk and honey flows ;  
 “ And, gilded with thy rays, ev’n death looks gay.  
 “ Let other lands the potent blessings boast  
 “ Of more exalting suns. Let Asia’s woods,  
 “ Untended, yield the vegetable fleece : 10  
 “ And let the little insect-artist form,  
 “ On higher life intent, its silken tomb.  
 “ Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose,  
 “ The various-tinctur’d children of the sun.  
 “ From the prone beam let more delicious fruits 15  
 “ A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste  
 “ Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burst  
 “ With floods of joy ; with mild balsamic juice  
 “ The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe  
 “ Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil. 20  
 “ Turbid with gold let southern rivers flow ;  
 “ And orient floods draw soft, o’er pearls, their maze.

" Let Afric vaunt her treasures ; let Peru  
 " Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed  
 " The yellow traitor that her blifs betray'd,— 25  
 " Unequal'd blifs !—and to unequal'd rage !  
 " Yet nor the gorgeous east, nor golden south,  
 " Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd world,  
 " Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praise,  
 " Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddess, she 30  
 " Derives her praise from Thee, her matchless charms.  
 " Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own ;  
 " And, warm with culture, her thick-clustering fields  
 " Prolific team. Eternal verdure crowns  
 " Her meads ; her gardens smile eternal spring. 35  
 " She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by toil,  
 " Ardent, to rush into the rapid chace :  
 " She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive, pours  
 " Unnumber'd flocks : she weaves the fleecy robe,  
 " That wraps the nations ; she, to lusty droves, 40  
 " The richest pasture spreads ; and, her's, deep-wave  
 " Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.  
 " These her delights : and by no baneful herb,  
 " No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,  
 " No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent roll'd 45  
 " In spires immense progressive o'er the land,  
 " Disturb'd. Enlivening these, add cities, full  
 " Of wealth, of trade, of chearful toiling crowds ;  
 " Add thriving towns ; add villages and farms,  
 " Innumerable sow'd along the lively vale, 50  
 " Where bold unrival'd peasants happy dwell :  
 " Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks  
 " Embosom'd

" Embofom'd high, while kindred floods below  
 " Wind through the mead ; and those of modern hand,  
 " More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar. 55  
 " Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,  
 " Where swarm the finny race ? Thee, chief, O Thames !  
 " On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,  
 " Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind ?  
 " And thee, thou Severn, whose prodigious swell, 60  
 " And waves, resounding, imitate the main ?  
 " Why need I name her deep capacious ports,  
 " That point around the world ? and why her seas ?  
 " All ocean is her own, and every land  
 " To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears. 63  
 " She too the mineral feeds : th' obedient lead,  
 " The warlike iron, nor the peaceful lefs,  
 " Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond ;  
 " And that the Tyrian merchant sought of old,  
 " Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame. 70  
 " She rears to freedom an undaunted race :  
 " Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,  
 " Her's the warm Cambrian : her's the lofty Scot,  
 " To hardship tam'd, active in arts and arms,  
 " Fir'd with a restless, an impatient flame. 75  
 " That leads him raptur'd where ambition calls :  
 " And English merit her's ; where meet, combin'd,  
 " Whate'er high fancy, found judicious thought,  
 " An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,  
 " And firm tenacious valour can bestow. 80  
 " Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, She !  
 " Great nurse of men ! By Thee, O Goddess, taught,  
 " Her

" Her old renown I trace, disclose her source  
 " Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing  
 " A strain the Muses never touch'd before." 85

" But how shall this thy mighty kingdom stand ?  
 " On what unyielding base ? how finish'd shine ?"

At this Her eye, collecting all its fire,  
 Beam'd more than human ; and Her awful voice,  
 Majestic thus she rais'd—" To Britons bear 90  
 " This closing strain, and with intenser note  
 " Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear."

On Virtue can alone My kingdom stand,  
 On Public Virtue, every Virtue join'd.  
 For, lost this social cement of mankind, 95  
 The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,  
 Will moulder soft away ; till, tottering loose,  
 They prone at last to total ruin rush.

Unblest by Virtue, government a league  
 Becomes, a circling junto of the great, 100

"To rob by law ; religion mild a yoke  
 To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state  
 To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.  
 What are without It Senates, save a face  
 Of consultation deep and reason free, 105

While the determin'd voice and heart are fold ?  
 What boasted freedom, save a sounding name ?  
 And what election, but a market vile  
 Of slaves self-barter'd ? Virtue ! without Thee,  
 There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states ; 110  
 War has no vigour, and no safety peace :  
 Ev'n justice warps to party, laws oppress,



Wide through the land their weak protection fails,  
 First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.  
 Thus nations sink, society dissolves ; 115  
 Rapine and guile and violence break loose,  
 Everting life, and turning love to gall ;  
 Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods  
 And Libyr's hissing sands to him are tame.

By those Three Virtues be the frame sustain'd 120  
 Of British Freedom : Independent life ;  
 Integrity in Office ; and, o'er all  
 Supreme, A Passion for the Common-weal.

Hail ! Independence, hail ! Heaven's next best gift,  
 To that of life and an immortal soul ! 125  
 The life of life ! that to the banquet high  
 And sober meal gives taste ; to the bow'd roof  
 Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.  
 Of public freedom, hail, thou secret source !  
 Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form  
 My better Nile, that nurses human life.  
 By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,  
 The private field looks gay, with nature's wealth  
 Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight  
 That nature craves. Its happy master there, 135  
 The only Free-man, walks his pleasing round :  
 Sweet-featur'd Peace attending ; fearless Truth ;  
 Firm Resolution ; Goodness, blessing all  
 That can rejoice ; Contentment, surest friend ;  
 And, still fresh stores from nature's book deriv'd, 140  
 Philosophy, companion ever new.  
 These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,\*

When

When into action call'd, his busy hours.  
 Meantime true judging moderate desires,  
 Oeconomy and taste, combin'd, direct 145  
 His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends  
 Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those  
 Whom fortune heaps, without these virtues, reach  
 That truce with pain, that animated ease,  
 That self enjoyment springing from within ; 150  
 That Independence, active, or retir'd,  
 Which make the soundest bliss of man below :  
 But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,  
 And drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,  
 A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train, 155  
 Though rich, are beggars, and though noble, slaves.  
 Lo ! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expence,  
 They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame.  
 Instead of hearty hospitable chear,  
 See ! how the hall with brutal riot flows ; 160  
 While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,  
 The country maddens into party-rage.  
 Mark ! those disgraceful piles of wood and stone ;  
 Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrimm'd,  
 And nature by presumptuous art oppress'd, 165  
 The woodland genius mourns. See ! the full board  
 That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy :  
 No truth invited there, to feed the mind ;  
 Nor wit, the wine rejoicing reason quaffs.  
 Hark ! how the dome with insolence resounds, 170  
 With those retain'd by vanity to scare  
 Repose and friends. To tyrant fashion mark

The

The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze  
Of fools. From still delusive day to day,  
Led an eternal round of lying hope, 175  
See ! self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,  
Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck !  
Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,  
With Midas' ears they crowd ; or to the buzz  
Of masquerade unblushing ; or, to show 186  
Their scorn of nature, at the tragic scene  
They mirthful sit, or prove the comic true.  
But, chief, behold ! around the rattling board,  
The civil robbers rang'd ; and ev'n the fair,  
The tender fair, each sweetness laid aside, 185  
As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops  
In some sack'd city. Thus dissolv'd their wealth,  
Without one generous luxury dissolv'd,  
Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,  
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe : 190  
With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,  
Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,  
And for their falsehood each despising each ;  
Till shook their patron by the wintry winds,  
Wide flies the wither'd shower, and leaves him bare.  
O, far superior Afric's sable sons,  
By merchant pilfer'd, to these willing slaves !  
And, rich, as unquench'd favourites, to them,  
Is he who can his virtue boast alone !  
Britons ! be firm !—nor let corruption fly 200  
Twine round your heart indissoluble chains !  
The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bands

By Cæsar cast o'er Rome ; but still remain'd  
 The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,  
 And other Cæsars rose. Determin'd, hold 205  
 Your Independence ; for, that once destroy'd,  
 Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,  
 That flits aerial from the spreading eye.

Forbid it Heaven ! that ever I need urge  
 Integrity in Office on My sons ! 210  
 Inculcate common honour—not to rob—  
 And whom ?—The gracious, the confiding hand,  
 That lavishly rewards ; the toiling poor,  
 Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mixt ;  
 The guardian public ; every face they see, 215  
 And every friend ; nay, in effect, themselves.  
 As in familiar life, the villain's fate  
 Admits no cure ; so, when a desperate age  
 At this arrives, I the devoted race  
 Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away. 220

But, ah, too little known to modern times !  
 Be not the noblest passion past unsung ;  
 That ray peculiar from unbounded Love  
 Effus'd, which kindles the heroic soul ;  
 Devotion to the Public. Glorious flame ! 225  
 Celestial ardor ! in what unknown worlds,  
 Profusely scatter'd through the blue immensities,  
 Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,  
 Old virtuous Rome, so many deathless names  
 From Thee their lustre drew ? since, taught by Thee,  
 Their poverty put splendor to the blush,  
 Pain grew luxurious, and ev'n death delight ?

O, wilt

O, wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,  
With blaze direct, on this My last retreat?

'Tis not enough, from self right understood 235

Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart :

Though Virtue not disdains appeals to self,

Dreads not the trial ; all her joys are true,

Nor is there any real joy save her's.

Far less the tepid, the declaiming race, 240

Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,

Or those whom private passions, for a while,

Beneath my standard list, can they suffice

To raise and fix the glory of My Reign ?

An active flood of universal love 245

Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,

The restless spirit roves creation round,

And seizes every being : stronger then

It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search .

Of bliss allies : then, more collected still, 250

It urges human-kind : a passion grown,

At last, the central parent-public calls .

Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,

The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,

This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers 255

Than those of self, this Heaven-infus'd delight,

This moral gravitation, rushing prone

To press the public good, My system soon,

Traverse, to several selfish centers drawn,

Will reel to ruin : while for ever shut 260

Stand the bright portals of desponding fame.

From fordid self shoot up no shining deeds,

None

None of those ancient lights, that gladden earth,  
 Give grace to being, and arouse the brave  
 To just ambition, Virtue's quickening fire ! 165  
 Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,  
 Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,  
 A dull gazette ! Th' impatient reader scorns  
 The poor historic page ; till kindly comes  
 Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame. 270  
 Not so the times, when, emulation-stung,  
 Greece shone in genius, science, and in arts,  
 And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told !  
 To live was glory then ! and charm'd mankind  
 Through the deep periods of devolving time, 275  
 Thole, raptur'd, copy ; these, astonish'd, read.

True, a corrupted state, with every vice  
 And every meanness foul, this passion damps.  
 Who can, unhock'd, behold the cruel eye ?  
 The pale invigling smile ? the ruffian front ? 280  
 The wretch abandon'd to relentless self,  
 Equally vile if miser or profuse ?  
 Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt ?  
 The fell deputed tyrant, who devours  
 The poor and weak, at distance from redress ? 285  
 Delirious faction bellowing loud My name ?  
 The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast ?  
 A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,  
 My sacred rights a merchandize alone  
 Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will 290  
 By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,  
 As were the dregs of Romulus of old ?

Who

Who these indeed can undetesting see !—

But who unpitying ? To the generous eye

Distress is virtue ; and, though self-betray'd, 295

A people struggling with their fate must rouse

The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once,

Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious then !

Fit luxury for gods ! to save the good,

Protect the feeble, dash bold vice aside, 300

Depress the wicked, and restore the frail.

Posterity, besides, the young are pure,

And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame.

Should then the times arrive (which Heaven avert !).

That Britons bend unnerv'd, not by the force 305

Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,

But by corruption's foul-dejecting arts,

Arts impudent ! and gross ! by their own gold,

In part bestow'd, to bribe them to give all.

With party raging, or immers'd in sloth, 310

Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield

To sily-conquering Gaul ; ev'n from her brow

Let her own naval oak be basely torn,

By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,

And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd. 315

Or (darker prospect ! scarce one gleam behind

Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague

Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,

That sits serene within the forest-shade ;

The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants, 320

And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,

That, were a buyer found, they stand prepar'd

To sell their birthright for a cooling draught,  
 Should shameless pens for plain corruption plead ;  
 The hire'd assassins of the commonweal ! 325  
 Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,  
 Should public virtue grow the public scoff,  
 Till private, failing, staggers through the land :  
 Till round the city loose mechanic want,  
 Dire-prowling nightly, makes the chearful haunts 330  
 Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,  
 Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace ;  
 And murders, horrors, perjuries abound :  
 Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop ;  
 The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold ; 335  
 And those, on whom the vernal showers of Heaven  
 All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,  
 A power to live to nature and themselves,  
 In sick attendance wear their anxious days,  
 With fortune, joyless, and with honours, mean. 340  
 Meantime, perhaps, profusion flows around,  
 The waste of war, without the works of peace ;  
 No mark of millions in the gulf absorpt  
 Of uncreating vice, none but the rage  
 Of rous'd corruption still demanding more. 345  
 That very portion, which (by faithful skill  
 Employ'd) might make the smiling public rear  
 Her ornamented head, drill'd through the hands  
 Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse  
 A locust-band within, and in the bud 350  
 Leaves starv'd each work of dignity and use.

I paint the worst. But should these times arrive,

If



If any nobler passion yet remain,  
Let all My sons all parties fling aside,  
Despise their nonsense, and together join ; 355  
Let worth and virtue scorning low despair,  
Exerted full, from every quarter shine,  
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd to light,  
Moral, or intellectual, more intense  
By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve, 360  
Gradual, the stars effulge ; fainter, at first,  
They, straggling, rise ; but when the radiant host,  
In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,  
Each casting vivid influence on each,  
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays, 365  
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.

But why to Britons this superfluous strain ?—  
Good-nature, honest truth ev'n somewhat blunt,  
Of crooked baseness and indignant scorn,  
A zeal unyielding in their country's cause, 370  
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—  
Nor only wont—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,  
In many a blest retirement still they dwell.

To softer prospect turn we now the view,  
'To laurel'd Science, Arts, and Public Works, 375  
That lend My finish'd Fabric comely pride,  
Grandeur, and grace. Of sullen genius he !  
Curs'd by the Muses ! by the Graces loath'd !  
Who deems beneath the public's high regard  
These livening touches of My reign. 380  
However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,  
A nation be ; let trade enormous rise,

Let east and south their mingled treasure pour,  
 Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood  
 Burst o'er the city, and devour the land : 385  
 Yet these neglected, these recording arts,  
 Wealth rots, a nuisance ; and, oblivious funk,  
 That nation must another Carthage lie.  
 If not by them, on monumental brass,  
 On sculptur'd marble, on the deathless page, 390  
 Imprest, renown had left no trace behind :  
 In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,  
 The legislator plann'd, the hero found  
 A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.  
 Th' awarders they of fame's immortal wreath, 395  
 They rouse ambition, they the mind exalt,  
 Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,  
 Delight the general eye, and, dress'd by them,  
 The moral Venus glows with double charms.  
 Science, My close associate, still attends 400  
 Where'er I go. Sometimes, in simple guise,  
 She walks the furrow with the consul swain,  
 Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,  
 Direct ; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe  
 Of fancy dress'd, she charms Athenian wits, 405  
 And a whole sapient city round her burns.  
 Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod :  
 With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,  
 She breathes deliberate foul, and makes retreat  
 Unequal'd glory : with the Theban sage, 410  
 Epaminondas, first and best of men !  
 Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,

Above the vulgar reach, resistless form'd,  
March to sure conquest—never gain'd before !  
Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state 415  
Unskilful she : when the triumphant tide  
Of high-swoln empire wears one boundless smile,  
And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,  
Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,  
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease, 420  
Where, but th' Aonian maids, no sirens sing ;  
Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,  
While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,  
With Tully she her wide-reviving light  
To senates holds, a Catiline confounds, 425  
And saves awhile from Cæsar sinking Rome.  
Such the kind power, whose piercing eye dissolves  
Each mental fetter, and sets reason free ;  
For Me inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,  
The more tenacious as the more convinc'd 430  
How happy freemen, and how wretched slaves.  
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full  
The Goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul  
That quickens trade, the breath unseen that wafts  
To them the treasures of a balanc'd world. 435  
But finer arts (save what the Muse has sung  
In daring flight, above all modern wing)  
Neglected droop the head ; and Public Works,  
Broke by corruption into private gain,  
Not ornament, disgrace ; not serve, destroy. 440  
Shall Britons, by their own joint wisdom rul'd  
Beneath one royal head, whose vital power

Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole ;  
 In finer arts, and public works, shall they  
 To Gallia yield ? yield to a land that bends, 445  
 Deprest, and broke, beneath the will of one ?  
 Of one who, should th' unkingly thirst of gold,  
 Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,  
 Calls locust-armies o'er the blasted land : 449  
 Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth,  
 His own insatiate reservoir to fill :  
 'To the lone desert patriot-merit frowns,  
 Or into dungeons arts, when they, their chains,  
 Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works  
 All other licence scorn but Truth's and Mine. 455  
 Oh, shame to think ! shall Britons, in the field  
 Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose ?  
 Ev'n in that monarch's reign, who vainly dreamt,  
 By giddy power, betray'd, and flatter'd pride, 459  
 To grasp unbounded sway ; while, swarming round,  
 His armies dar'd all Europe to the field ;  
 To hostile hands while treasure flow'd profuse,  
 And, that great source of treasure, subject's blood,  
 Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land ;  
 From Britain, chief, while My superior sons, 463  
 In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,  
 And bade his agonizing heart be low :  
 Ev'n then, as in the golden calm of peace !  
 What public works at home, what arts arose !  
 What various science shone ! what genius glow'd ! 470  
 'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot  
 O'er fair extents of land, the shining road ;

The flood-compelling arch ; the long canal,  
Through mountains piercing, and uniting seas ;  
The dome resounding sweet with infant joy, 475  
From famine fav'd, or cruel-handed shame,  
And that where valour counts his noble scars ;  
The land where social pleasure loves to dwell,  
Of the fierce demon, Gothic duel, freed ;  
The robber from his farthest forest chas'd ; 480  
The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,  
Into sure peace the best police refin'd,  
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.  
Let Gallic bards record, how honour'd Arts,  
And Science, by despotic bounty blest'd, 485  
At distance flourish'd from My parent-eye,  
Restoring ancient taste, how Boileau rose.  
How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,  
The trembling stage. In elegant Racine ; 489  
How the more powerful, though more humble voice  
Of nature-painting Greece, resistless, breath'd  
The whole-awaken'd heart. How Moliere's scene,  
Chastis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,  
Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,  
Was life itself. To public honours rais'd, 495  
How learning in warm seminaries spread ;  
And, more for glory than the small reward,  
How emulation strove. How their pure tongue  
Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their arms.  
From Rome, awhile, how Painting, courted long, 500  
With Poussin came ; ancient Design, that lifts  
A fairer front, and looks another soul.

How the kind art, that, of unvalued price,  
The fam'd and only picture, easy, gives, 504  
Refin'd her touch, and, through the shadow'd piece,  
All the live spirit of the painter pour'd.

Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd  
A look, and bade her Girardon arise.

How lavish grandeur blaz'd; the barren waste,  
Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell, 510  
And fountains spout amid it's arid shades.

For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,  
How forests in majestic gardens smil'd.

How menial arts, by their gay sisters taught,  
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd 515  
In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn,  
The palace chear'd, illum'd the story'd wall,  
And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom.

These laurels, Louis, by the droppings rais'd  
Of thy profusion, it's dishonour shade, 520  
And, green through future times, shall bind thy brow;  
While the vain honours of perfidious war  
Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.

With what prevailing vigour had they shot,  
And stole a deeper root, by the full tide 525  
Of war-sunk millions fed? Superior still,  
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,  
In Britain planted, by the potent juice  
Of freedom swell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of arts,  
A false uncertain spring, when bounty gives, 530  
Weak without me, a transitory gleam.  
Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies

Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow ;  
 Till arts, betray'd, trust to the flattering air  
 Their tender blossom : then malignant rise 535  
 The blights of envy, of those insect-clouds,  
 That, blasting merit, often cover courts :  
 Nay, should, perchance, some kind Mæcenas aid  
 The doubtful beamings of his Prince's soul,  
 His wavering ardor fix, and unconfin'd 540  
 Diffuse his' warm beneficence around ;  
 Yet death, at last, and wintry tyrants come,  
 Each sprig of genius killing at the root.  
 But when with Me Imperial Bounty joins,  
 Wide o'er the public blows eternal spring : 545  
 While mingled autumn every harvest pours  
 Of every land ; whate'er invention, art,  
 Creating toil and nature can produce.

Here ceas'd the Goddess ; and Her ardent wings,  
 Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow, 550  
 Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight  
 Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer.  
 " Oh, forming light of life ! O, better sun !  
 " Sun of mankind ! by whom the cloudy north,  
 " Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian skies, 555  
 " That, unstain'd æther all, diffusive smile :  
 " *When shall we call these ancient laurels ours ?*  
 " *And when Thy work complete ?*" Straight with her  
 Celestial red, she touch'd my darken'd eyes. [hand,  
 As at the touch of day the shades dissolve, 560  
 So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd,  
 That dims the dawn of being here below :

The

The future shone disclos'd, and, in long view,  
Bright rising æras instant rush'd to light.

“ They come ! Great Goddess ! I the times behold !

“ The times our fathers, in the bloody field,

“ Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,

“ In the warm struggles of the senate fight.

“ The times I see ! whose glory to supply,

“ For toiling ages, commerce round the world 570

“ Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land

“ Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with Rome

“ Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.

“ Lo ! Princes I behold ! contriving still,

“ And still conducting firm some brave design ; 575

“ Kings ! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,

“ Burst the blockade of false designing men,

“ Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,

“ And of the blinding clouds around them thrown :

“ Their court rejoicing millions ; worth alone, 580

“ And virtue dear to them ; their best delight,

“ In just proportion, to give general joy ;

“ Their jealous care Thy kingdom to maintain ;

“ The public glory theirs ; unsparing love

“ Their endless treasure ; and their deeds their praise,

“ With Thee they work. Nought can resist your force :

“ Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats ;

“ Strong spread the blooms of genius, science, art ;

“ His bashful bounds disclosing merit breaks ;

“ And, big with fruits of glory, virtue blows 590

“ Expansive o'er the land. Another race

“ Of generous youth, of patriot-fires, I see !

“ Not



“ Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze  
“ Of court, and ball and play ; those venal souls,  
“ Corruption’s veteran unrelenting bands, 595  
“ That, to their vices slaves, can ne’er be free.  
“ I see the Fountain’s purg’d ? whence life derives  
“ A clear or turbid flow ; see the young mind  
“ Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool’d,  
“ Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud, 600  
“ But fill’d and nourish’d by the light of truth.  
“ Then, beam’d through fancy the refining ray,  
“ And pouring on the heart, the passions feel  
“ At once informing light and moving flame ;  
“ Till moral, public, graceful action crowns 605  
“ The whole. Behold ! the fair contention glows,  
“ In all that mind or body can adorn,  
“ And form to life. Instead of barren heads,  
“ Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,  
“ And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits, 610  
“ Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens are form’d.  
“ Lo ! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,  
“ Unpurchas’d shines on all, and from her beam,  
“ Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew,  
“ That prowl amid the darkness they themselves 615  
“ Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves,  
“ See ! how her legal furies bite the lip,  
“ While Yorks and Talbots their deep snares detect,  
“ And seize swift justice through the clouds they raise,  
“ See ! social Labour lifts his guarded head, 620  
“ And men not yield to government in vain.  
“ From the sure land is rooted ruffian force,

“ And,

- “ And, the lewd nurse of villains, idle waste ; [bowl,  
“ Lo ! raz’d their haunts, down dash’d their maddening  
“ A nation’s poison ! beauteous order reigns ! 625  
“ Manly submission, unimposing toil,  
“ Trade without guile, civility that marks  
“ From the foul herd of brutal slaves thy sons,  
“ And fearless peace. Or should affronting war  
“ To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just, 630  
“ Unfailing fields of freemen I behold !  
“ That know, with their own proper arm, to guard  
“ Their own blest isle against a leaguering world.  
“ Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,  
“ Dissolv’d her dream of universal sway : 635  
“ The winds and seas are Britain’s wide domain ;  
“ And not a sail, but by permission, spreads.  
“ Lo ! swarming southward on rejoicing sons,  
“ Gay colonies extend ; the calm retreat  
“ Of undeserv’d distress, the better home 640  
“ Of those whom bigots chace from foreign lands.  
“ Not built on rapine, servitude, and woe,  
“ And in their turn some petty tyrant’s prey ;  
“ But, bound by social freedom, firm they rise ;  
“ Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form’d, 645  
“ And, crowding round, the charm’d Savannah sees.  
“ Horrid with want and misery, no more  
“ Our streets the tender passenger afflict.  
“ Nor shivering age, nor sickness without friend,  
“ Or home, or bed to bear his burning load, 650  
“ Nor agonizing infant, that ne’er earn’d  
“ Its guiltless pangs, I see ! The stores, profuse,  
“ Which

“ Which British Bounty has to these assign’d,  
“ No more the sacrilegious riot swell  
“ Of cannibal devourers! Right apply’d, 655  
“ No starving wretch the land of freedom stains :  
“ If poor, employment finds ; if old, demands,  
“ If sick, if maim’d, his miserable due ;  
“ And will, if young, repay the fondest care.  
“ Sweet sets the sun of stormy life, and sweet 660  
“ The morning shines, in mercy’s dew array’d.  
“ Lo ! how they rise ! these families of Heaven !  
“ That ! chief, (but why—ye bigots !—why so late ?)  
“ Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age :  
“ What smiles of praise ! and, while their song ascends,  
“ The listening seraph lays his lute aside.

“ Hark ! the gay Muses raise a nobler strain,  
“ With active nature, warm impassion’d truth,  
“ Engaging fable, lucid order, notes  
“ Of various string, and heart-felt image fill’d. 670  
“ Behold ! I see the dread delightful school  
“ Of temper’d passions, and of polish’d life,  
“ Restor’d : behold ! the well-dissembled scene  
“ Calls from embellish’d eyes the lovely tear,  
“ Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again. 675  
“ Lo ! vanish’d monster-land. Lo ! driven away  
“ Those that Apollo’s sacred walls profane :  
“ Their wild creation scatter’d, where a world  
“ Unknown to nature, chaos more confus’d,  
“ O’er the brute scene its ouran-outangs pours ; 680  
“ Detested forms ! that, on the mind imprint,  
“ Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.

“ Behold !

- " Behold ! all thine again the Sister-Arts,  
 " Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.  
 " Nurs'd by the treasure from a nation drain'd 685  
 " Their works to purchase, they to nobler ouse  
 " Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought ;  
 " Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,  
 " The gaudy tools, and prisoners, no more.  
 " Lo ! numerous domes a Burlington confess : 690  
 " For kings and senates fit, the palace see !  
 " The temple breathing a religious awe ;  
 " Ev'n fram'd with elegance the plain retreat,  
 " The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,  
 " Taste, never idly working, saves expence. 695  
 " See ! Sylvan scenes, where art, alone, pretends  
 " To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms :  
 " Such as a Pope in miniature has shown ;  
 " A Bathurst o'er the widening forest spreads ;  
 " And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe.  
 " August, around, what public works I see !  
 " Lo ! stately streets, lo ! squares that court the breeze,  
 " In spite of those to whom pertains the care,  
 " Ingulfing more than founded Roman ways,  
 " Lo ! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land, 705  
 " Connecting sea to sea, the solid road.  
 " Lo ! the proud arch (no vile exactor's stand)  
 " With easy sweep bestrides the chafing flood.  
 " See ! long canals, and deepen'd rivers join  
 " Each part with each, and with the circling main 710  
 " The whole enliven'd isle. Lo ! ports expand,  
 " Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering arms.  
 " Lo !

“ Lo ! streaming comfort o’er the troubled deep,  
“ On every pointed coast the light-house towers ;  
“ And, by the broad imperious mole repell’d, 715  
“ Hark ! how the baffled storm indignant roars.”

As thick to view these varied wonders rose,  
Shook all my soul with transport, unassur’d,  
The Vision broke ; and, on my waking eye,  
Rush’d the still ruins of dejected Rome. 720

## NOTES

## NOTES on PART V.

Ver. 69. Tin.

Ver. 285. Lord Molesworth in his account of Denmark says,—It is observed, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the seat of the government is advantageous to the subjects; while the distant provinces are less thriving, and more liable to oppression.

Ver. 409. The famous retreat of the Ten Thousand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

Ver. 414. Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incursion at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now six hundred years since the Dorians had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territories. Plutarch in Agefilaus.

Ver. 458. Lewis XIV.

Ver. 473. The canal of Languedoc.

Ver. 475 & 477. The hospitals for foundlings and invalids.

Ver. 496. The academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.

Ver. 503. Engraving.

Ver. 518. The tapestry of the Gobelins.

Ver. 663. An hospital for foundlings.

Ver. 680. A creature which, of all brutes, most resembles man.—See Dr. Tyson's treatise on this animal.

Ver. 699. Okely woods, near Cirencester.

A POEM,

## A P O E M,

Sacred to the Memory of Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

Inscribed to the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

S H A L L the great soul of Newton quit this earth,  
 To mingle with his stars; and every Muse,  
 Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight  
 Of honours due to his illustrious name?  
 But what can man? Ev'n now the sons of light,      5  
 In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,  
 Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.  
 Yet am I not deterr'd, though high the theme,  
 And sung to harps of angels, for with you,  
 Ethereal flames! ambitious, I aspire,      10  
 In nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can you show your guest!  
 Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil  
 Clouded in dust, from motion's simple laws,  
 Could trace the secret hand of Providence,      15  
 Wide-working through this universal frame.

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the suns,  
 And planets, to their spheres! th' unequal task  
 Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd  
 O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd      20  
 [The pride of schools, before their course was known  
 Full in its causes and effects to him,  
 All-piercing sage! Who sat not down and dream'd  
 Romantic schemes, defended by the din

Of specious words, and tyranny of names ;                    25  
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,  
And with heroic patience years on years  
Deep-searching, saw at last the system dawn,  
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

What were his raptures then ! how pure ! how strong !  
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,  
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys  
In some small fray victorious ! when instead  
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd  
By violence unmanly, and fore deeds  
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself  
Stood all subdued by him, and open laid  
Her every latent glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our solar round  
First gazing through, he by the blended power 40  
Of *gravitation* and *projection* saw  
The whole in silent harmony revolve.  
From unassisted vision hid, the moons  
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,  
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen. 45  
He also fix'd our wandering queen of night,  
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,  
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,  
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.  
Her every motion clear-discerning, he 50  
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught  
Why now the mighty mass of water swells  
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,  
And the full river turning : till again



The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves 55  
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight  
Through the blue infinite ; and every star,  
Which the clear concave of a winter's night  
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube, 60  
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss ;  
Or such as farther in successive skies  
To fancy shine alone, at his approach  
Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each  
Of an harmonious system : all combin'd, 65  
And rul'd unerring by that single power,  
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O, unprofuse magnificence divine !  
O, wisdom truly perfect ! thus to call  
From a few causes such a scheme of things, 70  
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,  
An universe complete ! And, O belov'd  
Of Heaven ! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,  
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd  
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame. 75

He, first of men, with awful wing pursued  
The comet through the long elliptic curve,  
As round innumerable worlds he wound his way ;  
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky  
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew, 80  
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heavens are all his own ; from the wild rule  
Of whirling *vortices*, and circling *spheres*,  
To their first great simplicity restor'd.

The schools astonish'd stood ; but found it vain 85  
 To combat still with demonstration strong,  
 And, unawaken'd dream beneath the blaze  
 Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,  
 With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,  
 When Newton rose, our philosophic sun. 90

Th' aërial flow of sound was known to him,  
 From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,  
 Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.  
 Nor could the darting beam of speed immense,  
 Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye. 95  
 Ev'n light itself, which every thing displays,  
 Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind  
 Untwisted all the shining robe of day ;  
 And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,  
 Collecting every ray into his kind, 100  
 To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train  
 Of parent-colours. First the flaming red  
 Sprung vivid forth ; the tawny orange next ;  
 And next delicious yellow ; by whose side  
 Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green. 105  
 Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,  
 Æthereal play'd ; and then, of sadder hue,  
 Emerg'd the deepen'd indico, as when  
 The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost.  
 While the last gleamings of refracted light 110  
 Dy'd in the fainting violet away.

These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,  
 Shine out distinct adown the watery bow ;  
 While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends

Delightful,

Delightful, melting on the fields beneath. 115

Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,  
And myriads still remain ; infinite source  
Of beauty, ever-blushing, ever-new !

Did ever poet image aught so fair,  
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook !  
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends !  
Ev'n now the setting sun and shifting clouds,  
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare  
How just, how beauteous, the *refractive law*.

The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down 125  
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,  
Where the green islands of the happy shine,  
He stemm'd alone ; and to the source (involv'd  
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd  
His lights at equal distances, to guide 130  
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours ? who  
His high discoveries sing ? when but a few  
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds  
To what he knew : in fancy's lighter thought, 135  
How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme ?

What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd  
Responsive to his knowledge ! For could he,  
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw  
The finish'd universality of things, 140  
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,  
Forbear incessant to adore that power  
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole ?

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,

Who saw him in the softest lights of life, 145  
 All unwithheld, indulging to his friends  
 The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,  
 Oh, speak the wondrous man ! how mild, how calm,  
 How greatly humble, how divinely good ;  
 How firm establish'd on eternal truth ; 150  
 Fervent in doing well, with every nerve  
 Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,  
 And panting for perfection : far above  
 Those little cares, and visionary joys,  
 That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart 155  
 Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,  
 You who unconscious of those nobler flights  
 That reach impatient at immortal life,  
 Against the prime endearing privilege 160  
 Of being dare contend, say, can a soul  
 Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,  
 Enlarging still, be but a finer breath  
 Of spirits dancing through their tubes awhile,  
 And then for ever lost in vacant air ? 165

But, hark ! methinks I hear a warning voice,  
 Solemn as when some awful change is come,  
 Sound through the world—'Tis done—*The measure's full ;*  
*And I resign my charge.*—Ye mouldering stones,  
 That build the towering pyramid, ~~the~~ proud 170  
 Triumphal arch; the monument effac'd  
 By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports  
 The worship name of hoar antiquity,  
 Down to the dust ! what grandeur can ye boast

While

While Newton lifts his column to the skies, 175  
 Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop  
 Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom  
 Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,  
 These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,  
 And elegiac song. But Newton calls 180  
 For other notes of gratulation high,  
 That now he wanders through those endless worlds  
 He here so well descried, and wondering talks,  
 And hymns their author with his glad compeers.  
 O, Britain's boast ! whether with angels thou 185  
 Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,  
 Who joy to see the honour of their kind ;  
 Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,  
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,  
 Comparing things with things, in rapture lost, 190  
 And grateful adoration, for that light  
 So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,  
 From Light *himself* ; oh, look with pity down  
 On human-kind, a frail erroneous race !  
 Exalt the spirit of a downward world ! 195  
 O'er thy dejected country chief preside,  
 And be her Genius call'd ! her studies raise,  
 Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.  
 For, though deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,  
 And glories in thy name ; she points thee out 200  
 To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star ;  
 While, in expectance of the second life,  
 When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust  
 Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

## A P O E M ,

To the Memory of the Right Hon. Lord TALBOT,  
 Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. Addressed to  
 his SON.

W H I L E, with the public, you, my Lord, lament  
 A friend and father lost ; permit the Muse,  
 The Muse assign'd of old a double theme,  
 To praise dead worth, and humble living pride,  
 Whose generous task begins where interest ends, 5  
 Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay  
 This cordial verse sincere, by truth inspir'd,  
 Which means not to bestow, but borrow fame.  
 Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—  
 Unhappy that she may —But where begin ? 10  
 How from the diamond single out each ray,  
 Where all, though trembling with ten thousand hues,  
 Effuse one dazzling undivided light ?  
 Let the low-minded of these narrow days  
 No more presume to deem the lofty tale 15  
 Of ancient times, in pity to their own,  
 Romance. In Talbot we united saw  
 The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd soul,  
 The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,  
 Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome. 20  
 Eternal Wisdom, that all-quicken'g sun,  
 Whence every life, in just proportion, draws  
 Directing light and actuating flame,  
 Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams

Awaken'd

Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm, 25  
 Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,  
 With instantaneous view, the truth of things;  
 Chief what to human life and human bliss  
 Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man;  
 And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd 30  
 His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,  
 In comfort foul agree; each heightening each;  
 While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.  
 What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,  
 What talent, or what virtue, was not his; 35  
 What that can render man or great, or good,  
 Give useful worth, or amiable grace?  
 Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,  
 In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd  
 With selfish peace. The siren of the wife, 40  
 (Who steals th' Aonian song, and, in the shape  
 Of virtue, woos them from a worthless world)  
 Though deep he felt her charms, could never melt  
 His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm,  
 As silent night, yet active as the day. 45  
 The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,  
 Press to usurp the reins of power, the more  
 Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,  
 To check their combination. Shall low views  
 Of sneaking interest or luxurious vice, 50  
 The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,  
 And dart a livelier vigour through the soul,  
 Than those that, mingled with our truest good,  
 With present honour and immortal fame,

Involve the good of all? An empty form 55  
 Is the weak virtue, that amid the shade  
 Lamenting lies, with future schemes amus'd,  
 While wickedness and folly, *kindred powers*,  
 Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,  
 Sprung ardent into action: action, that disdain'd 60  
 To lose in deathlike sloth one pulse of life,  
 That might be fav'd; disdain'd for coward ease,  
 And her insipid pleasures, to resign  
 The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,  
 And those high joys that teach the truly great 65  
 To live for others, and for others die.

Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.  
 Not breathing more beneficence, the spring  
 Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs.  
 While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste 70  
 Of ruffian storms and winter's lawless rage.  
 In him Astrea, to this dim abode  
 Of ever-wandering men, return'd again;  
 To bless them his delight, to bring them back,  
 From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong, 75  
 Into the paths of kind primeval faith,  
 Of happiness and justice. All his parts,  
 His virtues all, collected, fought the good  
 Of human-kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt  
 The throb of patriots, when they model states: 80  
 Anxious for *that*, nor needful sleep could hold  
 His still-awaken'd soul; nor friends had charms  
 To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;  
 Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.

Thus



Thus with unwearied steps, by virtue led, 85  
 He gam'd the summit of that sacred hill,  
 Where, rais'd above black envy's darkening clouds,  
 Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.  
 Be nam'd, victorious ravagers, no more !  
 Vanish, ye human comets ! shrink your blaze ! 90  
 Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,

As, o'er the gazing desolated earth,  
 You scatter'd famine, pestilence, and war ;  
 Vanish ! before this vernal sun of fame ;  
 Effulgent sweetness ! beaming life and joy. 95

How the heart listen'd while he, pleading, spoke !  
 While on th' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,  
 His gentle reason so persuasive stole,  
 That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.  
 Ah ! when, ye studious of the laws, again 100  
 Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear ?  
 When shall again the darkest truths, perplex'd,  
 Be set in ample day ? when shall the harsh  
 And arduous open into smiling ease ?  
 The solid mix with elegant delight ? 105

His was the talent with the purest light  
 At once to pour conviction on the soul,  
 And warm with lawful flame th' impassion'd heart,  
 That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd  
 By Heaven—He, sacred to his country's cause, 110  
 To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,  
 To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,  
 Reserv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,  
 Despising then the smiles or frowns of power,

He all that noblest eloquence effus'd, 115  
 With generous passion, taught by reason, breathes :  
 Then spoke the man ; and, over barren art,  
 Prevail'd abundant nature. Freedom then  
 His client was, humanity and truth.

Plac'd on the seat of justice, there he reign'd, 120  
 In a superior sphere of cloudless day,  
 A pure intelligence. No tumult there,  
 No dark emotion, no intemperate heat  
 No passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene  
 That round him spread. A zeal for right alone, 125  
 The love of justice, like the steady sun,  
 Its equal ardour lent ; and sometimes rais'd  
 Against the sons of violence, of pride,  
 And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,  
 Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd. 130  
 As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,  
 Yet with progressive patience, step by step,  
 Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,  
 He through the maze of falsehood trac'd it on,  
 Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd, 135  
 And ev'n the loser own'd the just decree.

But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,  
 Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,  
 His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,  
 His insight deep into Britannia's weal, 140  
 Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,  
 And the plain patriot smooth'd the brow of law,  
 No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words,  
 Fell on the cheated ear ; no study'd maze

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD TALBOT. 157

Of declamation, to perplex the right, 145  
 He darkening threw around : safe in itself,  
 In its own force, all-powerful reason spoke ;  
 While on the great, the ruling point, at once,  
 He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain  
 To lengthen farther out the clear debate. 150  
 Conviction breathes conviction ; to the heart,  
 Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence *unbid*,  
 The heart attends : for let the *venal* try  
 Their every hardening stupifying art,  
 Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal, 155  
 And nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.

Behold him in the councils of his prince.  
 What faithful light he lends ! How rare, in courts,  
 Such wisdom ! such abilities ! and, join'd  
 To virtue so determin'd, public zeal, 160  
 And honour of such adamantine proof,  
 As ev'n corruption, hopeless, and o'er-aw'd,  
 Durst not have *tempted* ! Yet of manners mild,  
 And winning every heart, he knew to please,  
 Nobly to please ; while equally he scorn'd 165  
 Or adulation to receive, or give.

Happy the state, where wakes a ruling eye  
 Of such inspection keen, and general care !  
 Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,  
 Toil may resign his careless head to rest, 170  
 And ever-jealous freedom sleep in peace.  
 Ah ! lost untimely ! lost in downward days !  
 And many a patriot counsel with him lost !  
 Counsels, that might have humbled Britain's foe,

Her native foe, from eldest time by fate 175  
 Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.  
 Let learning, arts, let universal worth,  
 Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.  
 Unlike the sons of vanity, that veil'd  
 Beneath the patron's prostituted name, 180  
 Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,  
 And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.  
 When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt  
 Which he to merit, to the public, paid,  
 And to the great all-bounteous source of good. 185  
 His sympathizing heart itself receiv'd  
 The generous obligation he bestow'd.  
 This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.  
 Their kind protector him the Muses own,  
 But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid 190  
 Of tasteless vanity's insulting hand.  
 The gracious stream, that cheers the letter'd world,  
 Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,  
 Whose sudden current, from the naked root,  
 Washes the little foil which yet remain'd, 195  
 And only more dejects the blushing flowers :  
 No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,  
 The silent treasures of the vernal year,  
 Indulging deep their stores, the still night long ;  
 Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world, 200  
 Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.  
 Still let me view him in the pleasing light  
 Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,  
 And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.

There,

There, with that trueſt greatneſs he appear'd, 205  
 Which thinks not of appearing ; kindly veil'd  
 In the ſoft graces of the friendly ſcene,  
 Inſpiring ſocial confidence and eaſe.  
 As free the converſe of the wiſe and good,  
 As joyous, diſentangling every power, 210  
 And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,  
 As when amid the various-bloſſom'd ſpring,  
 Or gentle-beaming autumn's penſive ſhade,  
 The philoſophic mind with nature talks.  
 Say ye, his ſons, his dear remains, with whom 215  
 The father laid ſuperfluous ſtate aſide,  
 Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,  
 With friendſhip rais'd it, with eſteem, with love,  
 Beyond the ties of blood, oh ! ſpeak the joy,  
 The pure ſerene, the chearful wiſdom mild, 220  
 The virtuous ſpirit, which his vacant hours,  
 In ſemblance of amuſement, through the breaſt  
 Inſus'd. And thou, O \* Rundle ! lend thy ſtrain,  
 Thou darling friend ! thou brother of his ſoul !  
 In whom the head and heart their ſtores unite ; 225  
 Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,  
 Judgment digeſts, the well-tun'd boſom feels,  
 Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,  
 The Virtues dictate, or the Muſes ſing.  
 Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main, 230  
 With memory converſing, you will pour,  
 As on the pebbled ſhore you, penſive, ſtray,

\* Dr. Rundle, late Biſhop of Derry, in Ireland.

Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,  
 And mid their ample round receive the waves,  
 That from the frozen pole, resounding, rush, 235  
 Impetuous. Though from native sun-shine driven,  
 Driven from your friends, the sun-shine of the soul,  
 By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,  
 Jealous of worth; yet will you bless your lot,  
 Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate, 240  
 Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,  
 Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;  
 Nurs'd, by experience, into slow esteem,  
 Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,  
 And the sweet light from mingled minds disclos'd, 245  
 From mingled chemic oils as bursts the fire.

I too remember well that cheerful bowl,  
 Which round his table flow'd. The serious there  
 Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;  
 Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth; 250  
 And wit its honey lent, without the sting.  
 Not simple nature's unaffected sons,  
 The blameless Indians, round the forest-chear,  
 In sunny lawn or shady covert set,  
 Hold more unspotted converse. nor, of old, 255  
 Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,  
 As on the product of their Sabine farms  
 They sat'd, with stricter virtue fed the soul:  
 Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,  
 Where Socrates presided, fatter truth, 260  
 More elegant humanity, more grace,  
 Wit more refin'd, or deeper sciences reign'd.

But

But far beyond the little vulgar bounds,  
 Of family, or friends, or native land.  
 By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame, 245  
 Extended his benevolence : a friend  
 To human kind, to parent nature's works.  
 Of free access, and of engaging grace,  
 Such as a brother to a brother owes,  
 He kept an open judging ear for all, 270  
 And spread an open countenance, where smil'd  
 The fair effulgence of an open heart ;  
 While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,  
 With equal ray, his ready goodness shone :  
 For *nothing human foreign was to him.* 275

Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,  
 And hard to be supported, you succeed :  
 But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,  
 It will, through latest time, enrich your race,  
 When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust, 280  
 And with their authors in oblivion sunk  
 Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft  
 Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.  
 True genuine honour its large patent holds  
 Of all mankind, through every land and age, 285  
 Of universal reason's various sons,  
 And ev'n of God himself, sole perfect judge !  
 Yet know, these noblest honours of the mind  
 On rigid terms descend : the high-plac'd heir,  
 Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze, 290  
 Malignant seeks our faults, cannot through life,  
 Amid the nameless insects of a court,

Unheeded steal : but, with his fire compar'd,  
 He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.  
 'This truth to you, who merit well to bear 295  
 A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muse  
 May safely sing, and sing without reserve.

Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,  
 That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,  
 Our country robb'd of her delight and strength, 300  
 We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy,  
 That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,  
 And feel them still, teaching our views to rise  
 Through ever-brightening scenes of future worlds.  
 Be dumb, ye worst of zealots ! ye that, prone 305  
 To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,  
 Whence every joy below its spirit draws,  
 And every pain its balm ; a Talbot's light,  
 A Talbot's virtues, claim another source,  
 Than the blind maze of undesigning blood ; 310  
 Nor, when that vital fountain plays no more,  
 Can they be quench'd amid the gelid stream.

Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed  
 From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,  
 Its native country, whence, to bless mankind, 315  
 Eternal goodness, on this darksome spot,  
 Had ray'd it down a while. Behold ! approv'd  
 By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,  
 And to th' Almighty Father's presence join'd,  
 He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliss, 320  
 Amid the human worthies. Glad around  
 Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,

With



With joyful pride, Britannia's blameless boast.

Ah! who is he, that with a fonder eye

Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the best of sons! 325

The best of friends!—Too soon is realiz'd

That hope, which once forbid thy tears to flow!

Meanwhile the kindred souls of every land,

(Howe'er divided in the fretful days

Of prejudice and error) mingled now, 330

In one selected never-jarring state,

Where God himself their only monarch reigns,

Partake the joy; yet, such the sense that still

Remains of earthly woes, for us below,

And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear, 335

But cease, presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive

To quit this cloudy sphere that binds thee down:

'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes,

Scenes, that our gross ideas groveling cast

Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb. 340

Forgive, immortal shade! if aught from earth,

From dust low-warbled, to those groves can rise,

Where flows celestial harmony, forgive

This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,

On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves 345

Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widow's sighs,

And orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,

The sons of justice and the sons of strife,

All who or freedom or who interest prize,

A deep-divided nation's parties all; 350

Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to heaven.

Glad heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres

With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.  
 How vain this tribute then ! this lowly lay !  
 Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires. 355  
 The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves  
 To virtue, to her country, to mankind,  
 To ruling nature, that, in glorious charge,  
 As to her priestess, gives it her, to hymn,  
 Whatever good and excellent she forms. 360

## POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

### TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

**W**HILE secret-leaguings nations frown around,  
 Ready to pour the long-expected storm ;  
 While She, who wont the restless Gaul to bound,  
 Britannia, drooping, grows an empty form ;  
 While on our vitals selfish parties prey,  
 And deep corruption eats our soul away :  
 Yet in the Goddess of the Main appears  
 A gleam of joy gay-flushing every grace,  
 As she the cordial voice of millions hears,  
 Rejoicing, zealous, o'er thy rising race :  
 Strait her rekindling eyes resume their fire,  
 The Virtues smile, the Muses tune the lyre.

But

But more enchanting than the Muse's song,  
 United Britons thy dear Offspring hail :  
 The city triumphs through her glowing throng ;  
 The shepherd tells his transport to the dale ;  
 The sons of roughest toil forget their pain,  
 And the glad sailor cheers the midnight main.  
 Can aught from fair Augusta's gentle blood,  
 And thine, thou friend of liberty ! be born  
 Can aught save what is lovely, generous, good ;  
 What will, at once, defend us, and adorn ?  
 From thence prophetic joy new Edwards eyes,  
 New Henrys, Annas, and Elizas rise.  
 May fate my fond devoted days extend,  
 To sing the promis'd glories of thy reign !  
 What though, by years depress'd, my Muse might bend ;  
 My heart will teach her still a nobler strain :  
 How, with recover'd Britain, will she soar,  
 When France insults, and Spain shall rob no more.

VERSES occasioned by the DEATH of Mr. AIKMAN,  
 a particular Friend of the Author's.

AS those we love decay, we die in part,  
 String after string is sever'd from the heart ;  
 Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,  
 Without one pang is glad to fall away.  
 Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,  
 Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,  
 Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,  
 Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

## O D E.

## I.

**T**ELL me, thou soul of her I love,  
 Ah ! tell me, whither art thou fled ;  
 To what delightful world above,  
 Appointed for the happy dead ?

## II.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,  
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe ;  
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home  
 Can now, alas ! no comfort know ?

## III.

Oh ! if thou hover'st round my walk,  
 While, under every well-known tree,  
 I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,  
 And every tear is full of thee ;

## IV.

Should then the weary eye of grief,  
 Beside some sympathetic stream,  
 In slumber find a short relief,  
 Oh, visit thou my soothing dream !

## EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY\*,

In Holyrood Church, Southampton.

E. S.

Once a lively image of human nature,  
 Such as God made it  
 When he pronounced every work of his to be good.  
 To the memory of Elizabeth Stanley,  
 Daughter of George and Sarah Stanley ;  
 Who, to all the beauty, modesty,  
 And gentleness of nature,  
 That ever adorned the most amiable woman,  
 Joined all the fortitude, elevation,  
 And vigour of mind, -  
 That ever exalted the most heroic man ;  
 Who having lived the pride and delight of her parents,  
 The joy, the consolation, and pattern of her friends,  
 A mistress not only of the English and French,  
 But in a high degree of the Greek and Roman learning,  
 Without vanity or pedantry,  
 At the age of eighteen,  
 After a tedious, painful, desperate illness,  
 Which, with a Roman spirit,  
 And a Christian resignation,  
 She endured so calmly, that she seemed insensible  
 To all pain and suffering, except that of her friends,  
 Gave up her innocent soul to her Creator,  
 And left to her mother, who erected this monument,

\* See what is said of this lady in "Summer,"

The memory of her virtues for her greatest support ;  
 Virtues which, in her sex and station of life,  
 Were all that could be practis'd,  
 And more than will be believed,  
 Except by those who know what this inscription relates,

HERE, Stanley, rest, escap'd this mortal strife,  
 Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.  
 Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,  
 And sternly try thee with a year of pain :  
 No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,  
 Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief :  
 With tender art, to save her anxious groan,  
 No more thy bosom presses down its own :  
 Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere :  
 Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear !

O, born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm,  
 To show us Virtue in her fairest form ;  
 To show us artless Reason's moral reign,  
 What boastful Science arrogates in vain ;  
 Th' obedient passions knowing each their part ;  
 Calm light the head, and harmony the heart !

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,  
 When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,  
 Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye :  
 'Tis the great birth-right of mankind *to die*.  
 Blest be the bark ! that wafts us to the shore,  
 Where death-divided friends shall part no more :  
 To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,  
 Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

To the Reverend Mr. MURDOCH, Rector of  
Straddishall, in Suffolk, 1738.

**T**HUS safely low, my friend, thou can'st not fall :  
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all ;  
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife ;  
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.  
Then keep each passion down, however dear ;  
Trust me the tender are the most severe.  
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,  
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace ;  
*That* bids defiance to the storms of fate :  
High bliss is only for a higher state.

A PARAPHRASE on the latter Part of the SIXTH  
CHAPTER of St. MATTHEW.

**W**HEN my breast labours with oppressive care,  
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear ;  
While all my warring passions are at strife,  
O, let me listen to the words of life !  
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,  
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.  
Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,  
Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;  
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,  
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears ;  
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,  
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.

Say,

Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?  
And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair—  
See the light tenants of the barren air:  
To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,  
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song;  
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye  
On the least wing, that flits along the sky.  
To him they sing, when spring renews the plain,  
To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;  
Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain:  
He hears the gay, and the distressful call,  
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,  
Observe the various vegetable race;  
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,  
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!  
What regal vestments can with them compare!  
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,  
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;  
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?  
Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?



## THE INCOMPARABLE SOPORIFICK DOCTOR.

SWEET, sleeky Doctor ! dear pacific soul !  
Lay at the beef, and suck the vital bowl !  
Still let th' involving smoke around thee fly,  
And broad-look'd dulness settle in thine eye.  
Ah ! soft in down these dainty limbs repose,  
And in the very lap of slumber doze ;  
But chiefly on the lazy day of grace,  
Call forth the lambent glories of thy face ;  
If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail,  
And sure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail.  
To the thin church in sleepy pomp proceed,  
And lean on the Lethargic Book thy head.  
These eyes wipe often with the hollow'd lawn,  
Profoundly nod, immeasurably yawn.  
Slow let the prayers by thy meek lips be sung,  
Nor let thy thoughts be distanc'd by thy tongue ;  
If ere the lingerers are within a call,  
Or if on prayers thou deign'st to think at all.  
Yet—only yet—the swimming head we bend ;  
But when serene, the pulpit you ascend,  
Through every joint a gentle horror creeps,  
And round you the consenting audience sleeps.  
So when an ass with sluggish front appears,  
The horses start, and prick their quivering ears ;  
But soon as e'er the sage is heard to bray,  
The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

THE

THE HAPPY MAN.

**H**E's not the Happy Man, to whom is given  
 A plenteous fortune by indulgent heaven;  
 Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,  
 And painted walls enchant the gaze's eyes;  
 Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,  
 And all the various bounty of the year;  
 Whose vallies smile, whose gardens breathe the Spring,  
 Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing;  
 For whom the cooling shade in Summer twines,  
 While his full cellars give their generous wines;  
 From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pours  
 A golden tide into his swelling stores:  
 Whose Winter laughs; for whom the liberal gales  
 Stretch the big sheet, and toiling Commerce fails;  
 When yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves;  
 While youth, and health, and vigour, string his nerves,  
 Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combin'd,  
 Can make the Happy Man, without the mind;  
 Where Judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys  
 The chain of Reason with unerring gaze;  
 Where Fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,  
 His fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise;  
 Where social Love exerts her soft command,  
 And plays the Passions with a tender hand,  
 Whence every Virtue flows, in rival strife,  
 And all the moral harmony of life.

Nor canst thou, Dodington, this truth decline,  
 Thine is the Fortune, and the Mind is thine.

On the Report of a WOODEN BRIDGE to be built at  
WESTMINSTER.

**B**Y Rufus' Hall, where Thames polluted flows,  
Provok'd, the Genius of the river rose,  
And thus exclaim'd : " Have I, ye British swains,  
" Have I for ages lav'd your fertile plains ?  
" Giv'n herds, and flocks, and villages increase,  
" And fed a richer than a golden fleece ?  
" Have I, ye merchants, with each swelling tide,  
" Pour'd Afric's treasure in, and India's pride ?  
" Lent you the fruit of every nation's toil ?  
" Made every climate your's, and every soil ?  
" Yet pilfer'd from the poor, by gaming base,  
" Yet must a Wooden Bridge my waves disgrace ?  
" Tell not to foreign streams the shameful tale,  
" And be it publish'd in no Gallic vale."  
He said ; and, plunging to his crystal dome,  
While o'er his head the circling waters foam.

S O N G.

I.

**O**NE day the God of fond desire,  
On mischief bent, to Damon said,  
Why not disclose your tender fire,  
Not own it to the lovely maid ?

II.

## II.

The shepherd mark'd his treacherous art,  
 And, softly-fighting, thus reply'd :  
 'Tis true, you have subdu'd my heart,  
 But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

## III.

The slave, in private only bears  
 Your bondage, who his love conceals ;  
 But when his passion he declares,  
 You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

## S O N G.

**H**A R D is the fate of him who loves,  
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,  
 But to the sympathetic groves,  
 But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh ! when she blesses next your shade,  
 Oh ! when her footsteps next are seen  
 In flowery tracts along the mead,  
 In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,  
 To whom the tears of love are dear,  
 From dying lillies waft a gale,  
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what she cannot blame,  
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind ;  
 Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame  
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes  
 With chaster tenderness his care,  
 Not purer her own wishes rise,  
 Not holier her own sighs in prayer.  
 But, if, at first, her virgin fear  
 Should start at love's suspected name,  
 With that of friendship sooth her ear—  
 True love and friendship are the same.

## S O N G.

## I.

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,  
 In vain I twine the woodbine bower;  
 Unless to deck her sweeter breast,  
 In vain I rear the breathing flower :

## II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,  
 In vain the birds around me sing;  
 In vain the freshening fields appear :  
*Without my love there is no spring.*

## S O N G.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
 An unrelenting foe to love,  
 And when we meet a mutual heart,  
 Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
 And wish, and wish the foul away ;  
 Till youth and genial years are flown,  
 And all the life of life is gone ?

But busy busy still art thou,  
 To bind the loveless joyless vow,  
 The heart from pleasure to delude,  
 To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,  
 And I absolve thy future care ;  
 All other blessings I resign,  
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

## S O N G.

COME, gentle God of soft desire,  
 Come and possess my happy breast !  
 Not, fury-like, in flames and fire,  
 In rapture, rage, and nonsense drest.

These are the vain disguise of love ;  
 And, or bespeak dissembled pains,  
 Or else a fleeting passion prove—  
 The frantic fury of the veins.

But come in friendship's angel-guise :  
 Yet dearer thou than friendship art :  
 More tender spirit in thy eyes,  
 More sweet emotions at the heart,

O, come

O, come with goodness in thy train,  
 With peace, and transport void of storm,  
 And, would'st thou me for ever gain,  
 Put on Amanda's winning form.

## A N U P T I A L S O N G,

Intended to have been inserted in the Fourth Act of  
 SOPHONISBA, a Tragedy.

COME, gentle Venus! and assuage  
 A warring world, a bleeding age.  
 For nature lives beneath thy ray,  
 The wintery tempests haste away,  
 A lucid calm invests the sea,  
 Thy native deep is full of thee :  
 The flowering earth where-e'er you fly,  
 Is all o'er spring, all fun the sky.  
 A genial spirit warms the breeze ;  
 Unseen among the blooming trees,  
 The feather'd lovers tune their throat,  
 The desert growls a soften'd note,  
 Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,  
 And love and harmony go round.

But chief into the human heart  
 You strike the dear delicious dart ;  
 You teach us pleasing pangs to know  
 To languish in luxurious woe,  
 To feel the generous passions rise,  
 Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs ;

Each happy moment to improve,  
 And fill the perfect year with love,  
     Come, thou delight of heaven and earth !  
 To whom all creatures owe their birth ;  
 Oh, come, sweet smiling ! tender, come !  
 And yet prevent our final doom.  
 For long the furious god of war  
 Has crush'd us with his iron car,  
 Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,  
 Has foil'd them with his cruel stains,  
 Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,  
 And made the widow'd virgin weep.  
 Now let him feel thy wonted charms  
 Oh, take him to thy twining arms !  
 And, while thy bosom heaves on his,  
 While deep he prints the humid kiss,  
 Ah, then ' his stormy heart control,  
 And sigh thyself into his soul.

## O D E.

O Nightingale, best poet of the grove,  
     That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,  
 Blest in the full possession of thy love :  
     O lend that strain, sweet nightingale, to me !  
 'Tis mine, alas ! to mourn my wretched fate :  
     I love a maid who all my bosom charms,  
 Yet lose my days without this lovely mate ;  
     Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You,



You, happy birds ! by nature's simple laws  
 Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare ;  
 You dwell where-ever roving fancy draws,  
 And love and song is all your pleasing care :  
 But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,  
 Dare not be blest lest envious tongues should blame :  
 And hence, in vain I languish for my bride ;  
 O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

## T O S E R A P H I N A .

## O D E .

**T**HE wanton's charms, however bright,  
 Are like the false illusive light,  
 Whose flattering un auspicious blaze  
 To precipices oft betrays :  
 But that sweet ray your beauties dart,  
 Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,  
 Is like the sacred queen of night,  
 Who pours a lovely gentle light  
 Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,  
 Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind,  
 'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd ;  
 But Seraphina's eyes dispense  
 A mild and gracious influence ;  
 Such as in visions angels shed  
 Around the heaven-illumin'd head,

To love thee, Seraphina, fure  
 Is to be tender, happy, pure ;  
 'Tis from low passion's to escape,  
 And woo bright virtue's fairest shape ;  
 'Tis extasy with wisdom join'd ;  
 And heaven infus'd into the mind,

## O D E

## O N Æ O L U S ' s H A R P \*.

## I.

**E**THEREAL race, inhabitants of air,  
 Who hymn your God amid the secret grove ;  
 Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,  
 And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

## II.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,  
 With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart !  
 Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,  
 Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

## III.

But, hark ! that strain was of a graver tone,  
 On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws ;  
 Or he the sacred Bard † ; who sat alone,  
 In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

\* Æolus's Harp is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald ; its properties are fully described in the Castle of Indolence.

† Jeremiah,

IV.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,  
When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint;  
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung  
Angelic harps, to sooth a dying faint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir, [raise;  
Through heaven's high dome their awful anthem  
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire  
To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

VI.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,  
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,  
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,  
For till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

H Y M N O N S O L I T U D E.

**H**A I L, mildly pleasing Solitude,  
Companion of the wise and good,  
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,  
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,  
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,  
Which innocence and truth imparts,  
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,  
And still in every shape you please.  
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,  
A lone philosopher you seem;

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,  
And now you sweep the vaulted sky,  
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,  
And warble forth your oaten strain.  
A lover now, with all the grace  
Of that sweet passion in your face :  
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume  
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,  
As, with her Musidora, she  
(Her Musidora fond of thee)  
Amid the long withdrawing vale,  
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,  
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;  
And while meridian fervors beat,  
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;  
But chief, when evening scenes decay,  
And the faint landskip swims away,  
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,  
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,  
The virtues of the sage, and swain ;  
Plain innocence in white array'd,  
Before thee lifts her fearless head :  
Religion's beams around thee shine,  
And cheer thy glooms with light divine :  
About thee sports sweet Liberty ;  
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !  
And in thy deep recesses dwell ;

Perhaps

Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,  
 When Meditation has her fill,  
 I just may cast my careless eyes  
 Where London's spiry turrets rise,  
 Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,  
 Then shield me in the woods again.

## P R O L O G U E

To Mr. MALLET'S MUSTAPHA.

**S**INCE Athens first began to draw mankind,  
 To picture life, and shew th' impassion'd mind ;  
 The truly wise have ever deem'd the stage  
 The moral school of each enlighten'd age.  
 There, in full pomp, the tragic Muse appears,  
 Queen of soft sorrows, and of useful fears.  
 Faint is the lesson reason'd rules impart :  
 She pours it strong and instant through the heart.  
 If virtue is the theme ; we sudden glow  
 With generous flame : and, what we feel, we grow.  
 If vice she paints ; indignant passions rise :  
 The villain seems himself with loathing eyes.  
 His soul starts, conscious, at another's groan :  
 And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.

To-night our meaning scene attempts to show  
 What fell events from dark suspicion flow ;  
 Chief when it taints a lawless monarch's mind,  
 To the false herd of flattering slaves confin'd.

The soul sinks gradual to so dire a state ;  
 Ev'n excellence but serves to feed its hate :  
 To hate remorseless, cruelty succeeds,  
 And every worth, and every virtue bleeds.

Behold, our author at your bar appears,  
 His modest hopes depress'd by conscious fears,  
 Faults he has many—But to balance those,  
 His verse with heart-felt love of virtue glows,  
 All slighter errors let indulgence spare :  
 And be his equal trial full and fair.  
 For this best British privilege we call ;  
 Then—as he merits, let him stand, or fall.

#### D E N N I S   T O   M R .   T H O M S O N .

Who had procured him a Benefit-Night.

**R**EFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find,  
 Thy various Seasons in their author's mind.  
 Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy Muse,  
 And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.  
 Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,  
 And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.  
 Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,  
 Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.  
 Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee ;  
 That hoary season yields a type of me.  
 Shatter'd by time's bleak storms I withering lay,  
 Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay !  
 Yet shall my prople's ivy, pale and bent,  
 Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

E P I .

## E P I T A P H

O N M R. T H O M S O N.

**O**THERS to marble may their glory owe,  
 And boast those honours Sculpture can bestow;  
 Short-liv'd renown! that every moment must  
 Sink with its emblem, and consume to dust!  
 But Thomson needs no artist to engrave,  
 From dumb oblivion no device to save;  
 Such vulgar aids let names inferior ask;  
 Nature for him assumes herself the task;  
 The Seasons are his monuments of fame,  
 With them to flourish, as from them it came.

CON

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THE  
P O E M S  
O F  
DR. W A T T S,

“THE Poems of Dr. WATTS were by my recommendation inserted in the late Collection, the readers of which are to impute to me whatever pleasure or weariness they may find in the perusal of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden.”

Dr. JOHNSON.

# HORÆ LYRICÆ.

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## P O E M S,

CHIEFLY OF THE LYRIC KIND,

I N T H R E E B O O K S.

S A C R E D

I. TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.

II. TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP,

III. TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

BY I. WATTS, D.D.

“ ——— Si non Uraniê Lyram

“ Cœlestem cohibet, nec Polyhymia

“ Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton.”

HOR. Od. I. imitat,

Ἀθάνατον μὲν πρῶτα θεὸν, νόμῳ ὥς δαίκεται,

Τίμα, (τὴν σέβει αὐτὸν) ἱππεὶ δ' Ἑρῶας ἀγαυούς,

Τέξ τε Καταχθονίους.

PYTHAG. Aur. Car,



## RECOMMENDATORY VERSES.

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On Reading Mr. WATTS'S POEMS, sacred to  
PIETY and DEVOTION.

**R**E G A R D the man who in seraphic lays,  
And flowing numbers, sings his Maker's praise :  
He needs invoke no fabled Muse's art,  
The heavenly song comes genuine from his heart,  
From that pure heart, which God has deign'd t' inspire  
With holy raptures, and a sacred fire.  
Thrice happy man ! whose soul, and guiltless breast,  
Are well prepar'd to lodge th' Almighty guest !  
'Tis He that lends thy towering thoughts their wing,  
And tunes thy lyre, when thou attempt'st to sing :  
He to thy soul lets-in celestial day,  
Ev'n whilst imprison'd in this mortal clay.  
By death's grim aspect thou art not alarm'd,  
He, for thy sake, has death itself disarm'd ;  
Nor shall the grave o'er thee a victory boast ;  
Her triumph in thy rising shall be lost,  
When thou shalt join th' angelic choirs above,  
In never-ending songs of praise and love.

EUSEBIA.

TO MR. WATTS, ON HIS POEMS.

TO murmuring streams, in tender strains,  
 My penfive Muse no more  
 Of love's enchanting force complains,  
 ' Along the flowery shore.

No more MIRTILLO's fatal face  
 My quiet breast alarms,  
 His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,  
 Have lost their usual charms.

No gay ALEXIS in the grove  
 Shall be my future theme :  
 I burn with an immortal love,  
 And sing a purer flame.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain,  
 And sacred transports feel,  
 While, WATTS, to thy celestial strain,  
 Surpris'd, I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear,  
 When I thy lays repeat ;  
 The bending forest lends an ear ;  
 The birds their notes forget.

With such a graceful harmony  
 Thy numbers still prolong ;  
 And let remotest lands reply,  
 And echo to thy song.



Far as the distant regions, where  
 The beauteous morning springs,  
 And scatters odours through the air,  
 From her resplendent wings ;  
 Unto the new-found realms, which see  
 The latter sun arise,  
 When, with an easy progress, he  
 Rolls down the nether skies.  
 July, 1706.

PHILOMELA \*.

To Mr. WATTS, on Reading his HORÆ LYRICÆ.

**H**AIL, heaven-born Muse ! that with celestial flame,  
 And high seraphic numbers, durst attempt  
 To gain thy native skies. No common theme  
 Merits thy thought, self-conscious of a soul  
 Superior, though on earth detain'd a-while ;  
 Like some propitious angel, that's design'd  
 A resident in this inferior orb,  
 To guide the wandering souls to heavenly bliss,  
 Thou seem'st ; while thou their everlasting songs  
 Hast sung to mortal ears, and down to earth  
 Transferr'd the work of heaven ; with thought sublime,  
 And high sonorous words, thou sweetly sing'st  
 To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd, we view  
 The towering height stupendous, while thou soar'st  
 Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,  
 Hymning th' Eternal Father ; as of old  
 When first th' Almighty from the dark abyss

\* A name assumed by my Rival.

Of everlasting night and silence call'd  
 The shining worlds with one creating word,  
 And rais'd from nothing all the heavenly hosts,  
 And with external glories fill'd the void,  
 Harmonious Seraphs tun'd their golden harps,  
 And with their chearful Hallelujahs blest'd  
 The bounteous author of their happiness ;  
 From orb to orb th' alternate music rang,  
 And from the crystal arches of the sky  
 Reach'd our then glorious world, the native seat  
 Of the first happy pair, who join'd their songs  
 To the loud echo's of th' angelic choirs,  
 And fill'd with blissful hymns, terrestrial heaven,  
 The paradise of God where all delights  
 Abounded, and the pure ambrosial air,  
 Fann'd by mild zephyrs, breath'd eternal sweets,  
 Forbidding death and sorrow, and bestow'd  
 Fresh heavenly bloom, and gay immortal youth.

Not so, alas ! the vile apostate race,  
 Who in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd,  
 Affaulting with their impious blasphemies  
 The Power supreme that gave them life and breath ;  
 Incarnate fiends ! outrageous they defy'd  
 Th' Eternal's thunder, and almighty wrath  
 Fearless provok'd, which all the other devils  
 Would dread to meet ; remembering well the day  
 When, driven from pure immortal seats above,  
 A fiery tempest hurl'd them down the skies,  
 And hung upon the rear, urging their fall  
 To the dark, deep, unfathomable gulf,

Where

# VERSES TO MR. WATTS.

Where bound on fulphurous lakes to glowing rocks  
 With adamant chains, they wail their woes,  
 And know Jehovah great as well as good ;  
 And fix'd for ever by eternal fate,  
 With horror find his arm omnipotent.

Prodigious madnefs ! that the sacred Muse,  
 First taught in heaven to mount immortal heights,  
 And trace the boundless glories of the sky,  
 Should now to every idol basely bow,  
 And curse the deity she once ador'd,  
 Erecting trophies to each fordid vice,  
 And celebrating the infernal praise  
 Of haughty Lucifer, the desperate foe  
 Of God and man, and winning every hour  
 New votaries to hell, while all the fiends  
 Hear these accursed lays, and, thus outdone,  
 Raging they try to match the human race,  
 Redoubling all their hellish blasphemies,  
 And with loud curses rend the gloomy vault.

Ungrateful mortals ! ah ! too late you'll find  
 What 'tis to banter heaven, and laugh at hell ;  
 To dress-up vice in false delusive charms,  
 And with gay colours paint her hideous face,  
 Leading besotted souls through flowery paths,  
 In gaudy dreams, and vain fantastic joys,  
 To dismal scenes of everlasting woe ;  
 When the great Judge shall rear his awful throne,  
 And raging flames surround the trembling globe,  
 While the loud thunders roar from pole to pole,  
 And the last trump awakes the sleeping dead ;

And guilty souls to ghastly bodies driven,  
 Within those dire eternal prisons shut,  
 Expect their sad inexorable doom.  
 Say now, ye men of wit ! what turn of thought  
 Will please you then ! Alas, how dull and poor,  
 Ev'n to yourselves, will your lewd flights appear !  
 How will you envy then the happy fate  
 Of idiots ! and perhaps in vain you'll wish,  
 You'd been as very fools as once you thought  
 Others, for the sublimest wisdom scorn'd ;  
 When pointed lightnings from the wrathful Judge  
 Shall singe your blighted laurels, and the men  
 Who thought they flew so high, shall fall so low.

No more, my Muse, of that tremendous thought ;  
 Resume thy more delightful theme, and sing  
 Th' immortal man, that with immortal verse  
 Rivals the hymns of angels, and like them  
 Despises mortal criticks' idle rules :  
 While the celestial flame that warms thy soul  
 Inspires us, and with holy transports moves  
 Our labouring minds, and nobler scenes presents  
 Than all the Pagan Poets ever sung,  
 Homer, or Virgil ; and far sweeter notes  
 Than Horace ever taught his sounding lyre,  
 And purer far, though Martial's self might seem  
 A modest Poet in our Christian days.  
 May those forgotten and neglected lie,  
 No more let men be fond of fabulous Gods,  
 Nor Heathen wit debauch one Christian line,  
 While with the coarse and daubing paint we hide

The shining beauties of eternal truth,  
That in her native drufs appears moſt bright,  
And charms the eyes of angels.—Oh ! like thee  
Let every nobler genius tune his voice  
To ſubjects worthy of their towering thoughts.  
Let Heaven and Anna then your tuneful art  
Improve, and confecrate your deathleſs lays  
To him who reigns above, and her who rules below.

April 17, 1706.

JOSEPH STANDEN.

TO MR. WATTS, ON HIS DIVINE POEMS.

SAY, human ſeraph, whence that charming force,  
That flame ! that ſoul ! which animates each line ;  
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful eaſe,  
Loaded with ponderous ſenſe ! Say, did not He,  
The lovely Jeſus, who commands thy breast,  
Inſpire thee with himſelf ? With Jeſus dwells,  
Knt in myſterious bands, the Paraclete,  
The breath of God, the everlaſting ſource  
Of love : And what is love, in ſouls like thine,  
But air, and incenſe to the poet's fire ?  
Should an expiring faint, whoſe ſwimming eyes  
Mingle the images of things about him,  
But hear the leaſt exalted of thy ſtrains,  
How greedily he'd drink the muſic in,  
Thinking his heavenly convoy waited near !  
So great a ſtreſs of powerful harmony,

Nature unable longer to sustain,  
Would sink oppress'd with joy to endless rest.

Let none henceforth of Providence complain,  
As if the world of spirits lay unknown,  
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night ;  
What though no shining angel darts from thence  
With leave to publish things conceal'd from sense,  
In language bright as theirs, we are here told,  
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,  
What 'tis employs the blest'd, what makes their bliss ;  
Songs such as Watts's are, and love like his.

But then, dear Sir, be cautious how you use,  
To transports so intensely rais'd your Muse,  
Left, whilst th' ecstatic impulse you obey,  
The soul leap out, and drop the duller clay.

Sept. 4, 1706.

HENRY GROVE.

To Dr. WATTS, on the fifth Edition of his  
HOMÆ LYRICÆ.

SOVEREIGN of sacred verse ; accept the lays  
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise.  
A Muse, the meanest of the vocal throng,  
New to the bays, nor equal to the song.  
Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame,  
Joins all her powers to celebrate thy name.

No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,  
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page,

You

You in majestic numbers mount the skies,  
And meet descending angels as you rise,  
Whose just applauses charm the crouded groves,  
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.  
Soft harmony and manly vigour join  
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,  
For every grace of every Muse is thine. }  
Milton, immortal bard, divinely bright,  
Conducts his favourite to the realms of light ;  
Where Raphael's lyre charms the celestial throng,  
Delighted cherubs listening to the song :  
From bliss to bliss the happy beings rove,  
And taste the sweets of music and of love.  
But when the softer scenes of life you paint,  
And join the beauteous virgin to the saint,  
When you describe how few the happy pairs,  
Whose hearts united soften all their cares,  
We see to whom the sweetest joys belong,  
And Myra's beauties consecrate your song.  
Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell,  
And on the pleasing theme for ever dwell ;  
But the Muse faints, unequal to the flight,  
And hears thy strains with wonder and delight,  
When tombs of princes shall in ruins lie,  
And all but Heaven-born piety shall die,  
When the last trumpet wakes the silent dead,  
And each lascivious poet hides his head,  
With thee shall thy divine Urania rise,  
Crown'd with fresh laurels, to thy native skies :

Great

14      V E R S E S   t o   D R.   W A T T S.

Great How and Gouge fhall hail thee on thy way,  
And welcome thee to the bright realms of day,  
Adapt thy tuneful notes to heavenly ftrings,  
And join the Lyric Ode while fome fair feraph fings.

Sic fpirat, fic optat,

Tui amantiffimus

BRITANNICUS.

P R E-



## P R E F A C E.

**I**T has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness ; that an art, inspired from heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design ! How basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour ! The iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song, which history has brought down to our ears, was a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel, when his “ right hand became glorious in power ; when thy right hand, O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy : the chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts were cast into the red sea. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters.” Exod. xv. This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world,

as the darkness of that dispensation would admit : And now and then a divine and poetic rapture lifted their souls far above the level of that œconomy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangetic day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of heathenism the Muses were devoted to the same service : the language in which old Hesiod addresses them is this :

Μᾶσαι Πιερίηθεν ἀοιδῆσι γλείουσαι,  
Δῦγε, Δι' ἐννέπετο σφέτερον πατέρ' ὑμνείουσαι.

“ Pierian Muses, fam'd for heavenly lays,

“ Descend, and sing the God your Father's praise.”

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could not bear to transcribe, if the aspect and sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

But some of the latter Poets of the Pagan world have debased this divine gift ; and many of the writers of the first rank, in this our age of national Christians, have, to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest of the Gentiles. They have not only disrobed religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pens in impious mischief, to deform her native beauty and defile her honours. They have exposed her most sacred character to drollery, and dressed her up in a most vile and ridiculous disguise, for the scorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like so many God-

Goddeſſes, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where nature needs the ſtrongeſt reſtraints. With ſweetneſs of ſound, and delicacy of expreſſion, they have given a reliſh to blaſphemies of the harſheſt kind; and when they rant at their Maker in ſonorous numbers, they fancy themſelves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almoſt in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried Reformation; while the ſtage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious deſign of church and ſtate. The preſs has ſpread the poiſon far, and ſcattered wide the mortal infection: Unthinking youth have been inticed to ſin beyond the vicious propenſities of nature, plunged early into diſeaſes and death, and ſunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this that poeſy was endued with all thoſe allurements that lead the mind away in a pleaſing captivity? Was it for this, ſhe was furniſhed with ſo many intellectual charms, that ſhe might ſeduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the moſt lovely of Beings? Can I ever be perſuaded, that thoſe ſweet and reſiſtleſs forces of metaphor, wit, ſound, and number, were given with this deſign, that they ſhould be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious ſpirit, to invade the rights of heaven, and to bring ſwift and everlaſting deſtruction upon men? How will theſe allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane verifiers, ſtand aghaſt before the great Judge, when the blood of many ſouls, whom they never ſaw, ſhall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The Reve-

rend Mr. Collier has set this awful scene before them in just and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my Lord Roscommon, on Psalm cxlviii. might be addressed to them :

- “ Ye dragons whose contagious breath  
 “ Peoples the dark retreats of death,  
 “ Change your due hissings into heavenly songs,  
 “ And praise your Maker with your forked tongues.”

This profanation and debasement of so divine an art, has tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin ; or at least, that verse is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours, but it is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is serious and sacred. They submit, indeed, to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the dullest translation of the psalm best. They will venture to sing a dull hymn or two at church, in tunes of equal dulness ; but still they persuade themselves, and their children, that the beauties of poesy are vain and dangerous. All that arises a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worship, and hardly escapes the sentence of “unclean and abominable.” It is strange, that persons that have the Bible in their hands, should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion. Let me intreat them not to indulge this sour, this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me intreat them to look  
 into

into their Bibles, and remember the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse? and the figures are stronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprising and strange, than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the God of Israel, while he marched from the field of Edom, she sets the “ earth a-trembling, the heavens “ drop, and the mountains dissolve from before the “ Lord. They fought from heaven, the stars in their “ courses fought against Sisera: When the river of “ Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the “ river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down “ strength ” Judg. v. &c. When Eliphaz, in the book of Job, speaks his sense of the holiness of God, he introduces a machine in a vision: “ Fear came upon me, “ trembling on all my bones; the hair of my flesh stood “ up; a spirit passed by and stood still, but its form “ was undiscernible; an image before mine eyes; and “ silence; Then I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal “ man be more just than God?” &c. Job iv. When he describes the safety of the righteous, he “ hides him “ from the scourge of the tongue, he makes him laugh at “ destruction and famine, he brings the stones of the field “ into league with him, and makes the brute animals “ enter into a covenant of peace.” Job v. 21, &c. When Job speaks of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he spreads over it! “ It is a region to which I must “ shortly go, and whence I shall not return; it is a “ land

“ land of darkness, it is darkness itself, the land of the  
 “ shadow of death ; all confusion and disorder, and  
 “ where the light is as darkness. This is my house,  
 “ there have I made my bed : I have said to corrup-  
 “ tion, Thou art my father ; and to the worm, Thou  
 “ art my mother and my sister : As for my hope, who  
 “ shall see it ? I and my hope go down together to the  
 “ bars of the pit ” Job x. 21, and xvii. 13. When he  
 humbles himself in complainings before the almighty-  
 ness of God, what contemptible and feeble images  
 doth he use ! “ Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and  
 “ fro ? Wilt thou pursue the dry stubble ? I consume  
 “ away like a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the  
 “ moth.” Job xiii. 25, &c. “ Thou liftest me up to the  
 “ wind, thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest  
 “ my substance.” Job xxiii. 22. Can any man invent  
 more despicable ideas, to represent the scoundrel herd  
 and refuse of mankind, than those which Job uses ?  
 chap. xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own sorrows  
 and reproaches to amazement. “ They that are younger  
 “ than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would  
 “ have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock :  
 “ for want and famine they were solitary ; fleeing into  
 “ the wilderness desolate and waste : They cut up mal-  
 “ lows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat :  
 “ They were driven forth from among men, (they  
 “ cried after them as after a thief) to dwell in the cliffs  
 “ of the valleys, in the caves of the earth, and in rocks :  
 “ Among the bushes they brayed, under the nettles  
 “ they were gathered together, they were children of  
 “ fools,

“fools, yea, children of base men; they were viler than the earth: And now I am their song, yea, I am their by-word,” &c. How mournful and dejected is the language of his own sorrows! “Terrors are turned upon him, they pursue his soul as the wind, and his welfare passes away as a cloud; his bones are pierced within him, and his soul is poured out: he goes mourning without the sun, a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls; while his harp and organ are tuned into the voice of them that weep.” I must transcribe one half of this holy book, if I would shew the grandeur, the variety, and the justness of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression; I must copy out a good part of the writings of David and Isaiah, if I would represent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and style: nor is the language of the lesser prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much inferior to these.

Now, while they paint human nature in its various forms and circumstances, if their describing be so just and noble, their disposition so artful, and their colouring so bright, beyond the most famed human writers, how much more must their descriptions of God and heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner tongue? When they speak of the dwelling-place of God, “He inhabits eternity, and sits upon the throne of his holiness, in the midst of light inaccessible.” When his holiness is mentioned, “The heavens are not clean in his sight, he charges his angels with folly: He looks to the moon, and it shineth not, and the

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" stars are not pure before his eyes : He is a jealous  
 " God, and a consuming fire." If we speak of strength,  
 " Behold, he is strong : He removes the mountains,  
 " and they know it not : He overturns them in his an-  
 " ger : He shakes the earth from her place, and her pil-  
 " lars tremble : He makes a path through the mighty  
 " waters, he discovers the foundations of the world :  
 " The pillars of heaven are astonished at his reproof."  
 And after all, " These are but a portion of his ways :  
 " The thunder of his power who can understand ?" His  
 sovereignty, his knowledge, and his wisdom, are re-  
 vealed to us in language vastly superior to all the poe-  
 tical accounts of heathen divinity. " Let the pot-  
 " sherds strive with the potsherds of the earth ; but  
 " shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What  
 " makest thou ? He bids the heavens drop down from  
 " above, and let the skies pour down righteousness.  
 " He commands the sun, and it riseth not, and he  
 " scaleth up the stars. It is he that saith to the deep,  
 " be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them  
 " that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord ;  
 " his eyes are upon all their ways, he understands their  
 " thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, and de-  
 " struction hath no covering. He calls out all the stars  
 " by their names, he frustrateth the tokens of the liars,  
 " and makes the diviners mad : He turns wise men  
 " backward, and their knowledge becomes foolish."  
 His transcendent eminence above all things is most  
 nobly represented, when he " sits upon the circle of  
 " the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grass-  
 " hoppers :



"hoppers : All nations before him are as the drop  
 "of a bucket, and as the small dust of the balance :  
 "He takes up the isles as a very little thing ; Lebanon,  
 "with all her beasts, is not sufficient for a sacrifice to  
 "this God, nor are all her trees sufficient for the burn-  
 "ing. 'Th's God, before whom the whole creation is  
 "as nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity. To  
 "which of all the heathen Gods then will ye compare  
 "me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be likened to ?"  
 And to which of all the heathen Poets shall we liken  
 or compare this glorious orator, the sacred describer of  
 the godhead ? The orators of all nations are as nothing  
 before him, and their words are vanity and emptiness.  
 Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings,  
 where God is creating the world : How meanly do the  
 best of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this subject,  
 when brought into comparison with Moses, whom Longi-  
 ginus himself, a Gentile critic, cites as a master of  
 the sublime style, when he chose to use it ; " And the  
 " Lord said, Let there be light, and there was light ;  
 " Let there be clouds and seas, sun and stars, plants  
 " and animals, and behold they are : " He command-  
 ed, and they appear and obey : " By the word of the  
 " Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of  
 " them by the breath of his mouth : " This is working  
 like a God, with infinite ease and omnipotence. His  
 wonders of providence for the terror and ruin of his  
 adversaries, and for the succour of his saints, is set be-  
 fore our eyes in the scripture with equal magnificence,  
 and as becomes divinity. When " he arises out of his

“ place, the earth trembles, the foundations of the hills  
 “ are shaken because he is wroth: There goes a smoke  
 “ up out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devour-  
 “ eth, coals are kindled by it. He bows the heavens,  
 “ and comes down, and darkness is under his feet.  
 “ The mountains melt like wax, and flow down at his  
 “ presence.” If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to  
 prepare an equipage for a descending God, they might  
 use thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, to  
 form a chariot and horses for the battle, or the triumph;  
 but there is none of them provides him a flight of Che-  
 rubs instead of horses, or seats him in “ chariots of fal-  
 “ vation.” David beholds him riding “ upon the hea-  
 “ ven of heavens, by his name JAH: He was mounted  
 “ upon a cherub, and did fly; he flew on the wings of  
 “ the wind;” and Habbakuk sends “ the pestilence before  
 “ him.” Homer keeps a mighty stir with his Νεφεληγε-  
 ρεῖα Ζεὺς, and Hesiod with his Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης. Jupi-  
 ter, that raises up the clouds, and that makes a noise,  
 or thunders on high. But a divine Poet makes the  
 “ clouds but the dust of his feet;” and when the High-  
 est gives his voice in the heavens, “ Hail-stones and  
 “ coals of fire follow.” A divine Poet discovers the  
 channels of the waters, and lays open the foundations  
 of nature; “ at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of  
 “ the breath of thy nostrils.” When the Holy One  
 alighted upon Mount Sinai, “ his glory covered the  
 “ heavens: He stood and measured the earth: He be-  
 “ held and drove asunder the nations, and the everlast-  
 “ ing mountains were scattered: The perpetual hills  
 “ did

“ did bow ; his ways are everlasting.” Then the prophet “ saw the tents of Cushan in affliction, and the “ curtains of the land of Midian did tremble.” Hab. iii. Nor did the blessed spirit which animated these writers forbid them the use of visions, dreams, the opening of scenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occasions : the divine licence in this respect is admirable and surprising, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninspired writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble essay to discover how much superior is inspired poetry to the brightest and best descriptions of a mortal pen. Perhaps, if his proposal of Criticism had been encouraged and pursued, the nation might have learnt more value for the word of God, and the wits of the age might have been secured from the danger of Deism ; while they must have been forced to confess at least the divinity of all the poetical books of Scripture, when they see a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to assert, that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dress ? Shall the French poet \* affright us, by saying,

“ De la foy d’un Chrétien les mysteres terribles,  
 “ D’Ornemens egayez ne sont point susceptibles ?”

But the French critic †, in his reflections upon Eloquence, tells us, “ That the majesty of our religion,

\* Boileau.

† Rapin.

“ the holiness of its laws, the purity of its morals, the  
 “ height of its mysteries, and the importance of every  
 “ subject that belongs to it, requires a grandeur, a nobleness, a majesty, and elevation of style, suited to the  
 “ theme . sparkling images and magnificent expressions  
 “ must be used, and are best borrowed from Scripture ;  
 “ let the preacher, that aims at eloquence, read the Prophets incessantly, for their writings are an abundant  
 “ source of all the riches and ornaments of speech.”  
 And, in my opinion, this is far better counsel than Horace gives us, when he says,

“ ————— Vos exemplaria Græcæ

“ Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ,”

As, in the conduct of my studies with regard to divinity, I have reason to repent of nothing more than that I have not perused the Bible with more frequency ; so if I were to set up for a poet, with a design to exceed all the modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapin, and read the Prophets night and day. I am sure, the compositions of the following book would have been filled with much greater sense, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the Holy Scriptures.

Besides, we may fetch a further answer to Monsieur Boileau's objection, from other poets of his own country, What a noble use have Racine and Corneille made of Christian subjects, in some of their best tragedies ! What a variety of divine scenes are displayed, and pious passions awakened, in those poems ! The martyrdom of Polyeucte, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and  
 at

at the same time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand \* that directed me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for, and sought in vain in our own. Yet I must confess, that the Davideis, and the two Aithurs, have so far answered Boileau's objection, in English, as that the obstacles of attempting Christian poesy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable, is experimentally confuted †.

It is true indeed, the Christian mysteries have not such need of gay trappings as beautified, or rather composed, the Heathen superstition. But this still makes for the greater ease and surer success of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a simple dress, have a native grandeur, a dignity, and a beauty in them, though they do not utterly disdain all methods of ornament. The book of the Revelations seems to be a prophecy in the form of an opera, or a dramatic poem, where divine art illustrates the subject with many charming glories; but still it must be acknowledged, that the naked themes of Christianity have something brighter and bolder in them, something more

\* Philomela.

† Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his last poem, entitled Alfred, has more copiously refuted all Boileau's arguments on this subject, and that with great justice and elegance. 1723.—I am persuaded that many persons who despise the poem would acknowledge the just sentiments of that preface.

surprising and celestial, than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of false lustre that form and garnish a heathen song : here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the Muse, and the heavenly theme would so relieve a dull hour, and a languishing genius, that when the Muse nods, the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expence might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furnish out a Christian poem, than a modern play ! There is nothing among all the ancient fables, or later romances, that have two such extremes united in them, as the eternal God becoming an infant of days ; the possessor of the palace of Heaven laid to sleep in a manger ; the holy Jesus, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree ; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of him who was God over all, blessed for ever ; and the sovereign of life stretching his arms on a cross, bleeding and expiring : The Heaven and the Hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the Furies with snaky hairs, or all the flowery stories of Elysium. And if we survey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe ; the advantage for touching the springs of passion will fall infinitely on the side of the Christian poet ; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of

an harmonious pen, whose every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his soul.

If the trifling and incredible tales that furnish out a tragedy, are so armed by wit and fancy, as to become sovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our smiles and our tears at pleasure, how wondrous a conquest might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it, at least, to sobriety, if the same happy talent were employed in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terror ! The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiously neglected by those whom Heaven has endued with a gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them ; an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety in resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine bright in a dramatic description ; nor is there any need, or any reason why we should always borrow the plan or history from the ancient Jews, or primitive martyrs ; though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poetry : but modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt, the secret stings and racks and scourges of conscience ; the sweet retiring hours, and seraphical joys of devotion ; the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations ; the inimitable love and passion of a  
dyin

dying God ; the awful glories of the last tribunal ; the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal ; and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal worlds ; these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances, under a divine blessing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty ? This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch ; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them ; for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the wor'd happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose ; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the Psalms of David, and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral odes of Horace, and the ancient Lyrics ; I persuade myself that the Christian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his design to diffuse virtue,



tue, and allure souls to God. If the heart were first inflamed from Heaven, and the Muse were not left alone to form the devotion, and pursue a cold scent, but only called-in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases ; the whole composition would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour ; and the same pious flame would be propagated, and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Rev. Mr. Norris's Essays in verse, are convincing instances of the success of this proposal.

It is my opinion also, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble measures of Milton without rhyme, would best maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though, in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our Psalm-translators ; I have contracted and cramped the sense, or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the too speedy and regular returns of rhyme.

If my friends expect any reason of the following compositions, and of the first or second publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

The title assures them that poetry is not the business of my life ; and if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain them or myself with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.

And seas, and skies, and stars her own,

In an unmeasur'd sphere !

What heavens of joy, and light serene,

Which nor the rolling sun has seen,

Where nor the roving Muse has been

That greater traveller !

A long farewell to all below,

Farewell to all that sense can show,

To golden scenes, and flowery fields,

To all the worlds that fancy builds,

And all that Poets know.

Now the swift transports of the mind

Leave the fluttering Muse behind,

A thousand loose Pindaric plumes fly scattering down  
the wind.

Among the clouds I lose my breath,

The rapture grows too strong :

The feeble powers that nature gave

Faint and drop downward to the grave ;

Receive their fall, thou treasurer of death ;

I will no more demand my tongue,

Till the gross organ well refin'd

Can trace the boundless flights of an unfetter'd mind,

And raise an equal song:

END OF VOLUME FIFTY-FIVE.